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BRITANNIA and Eve

JUNE
1955
VOL. 50 NO. 6

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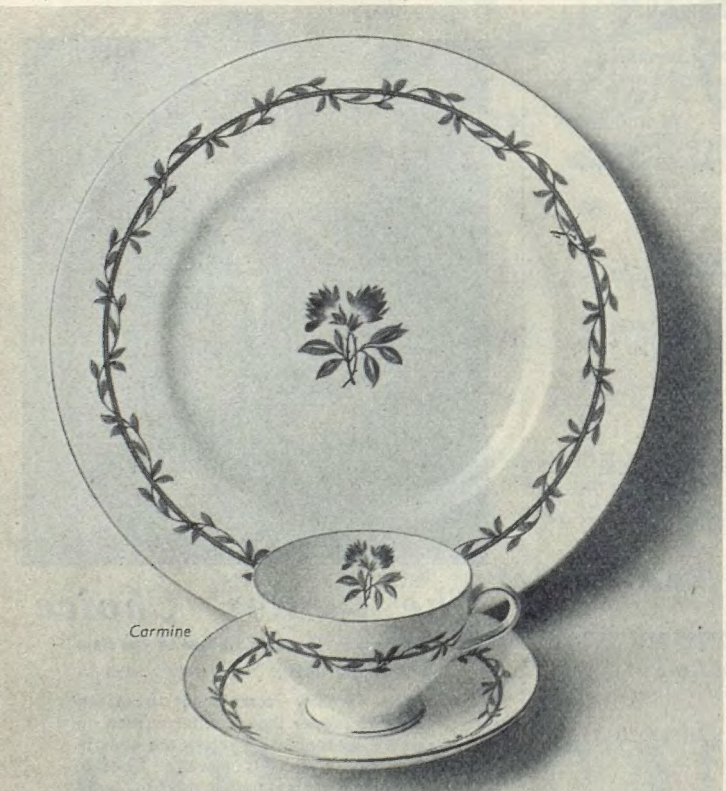

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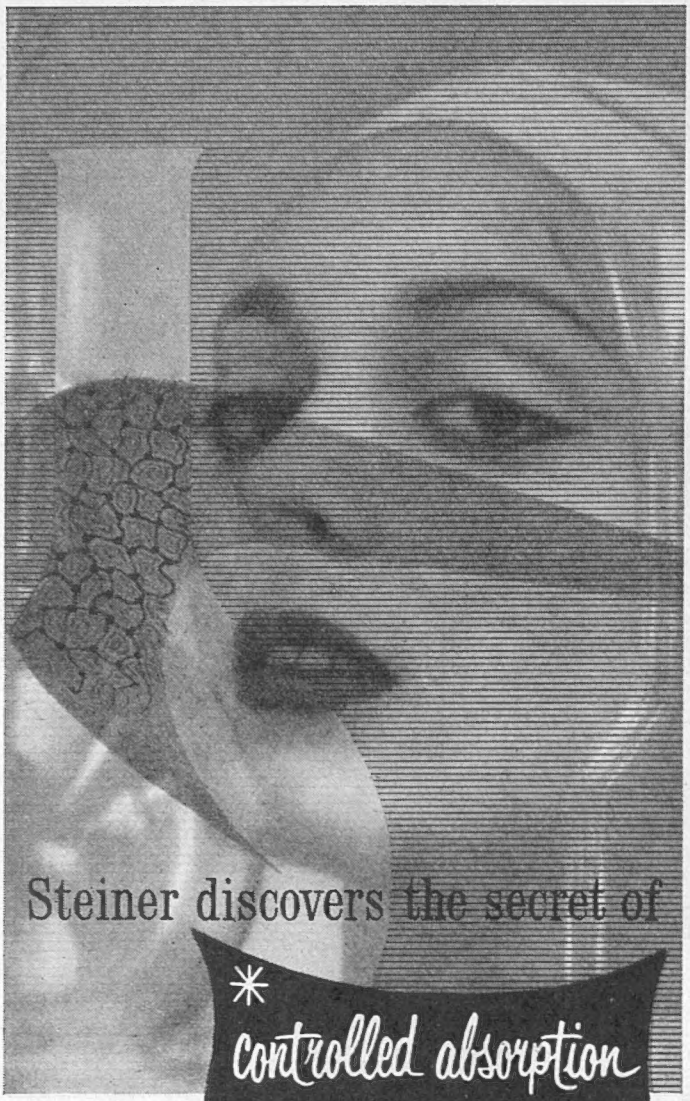

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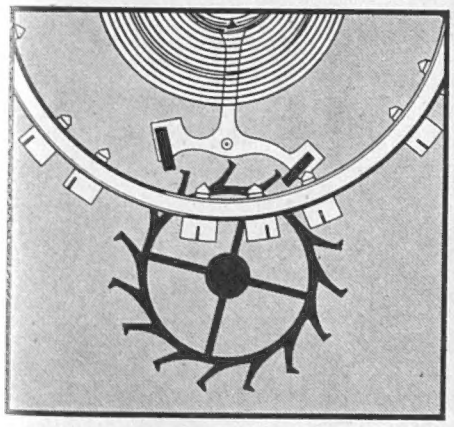

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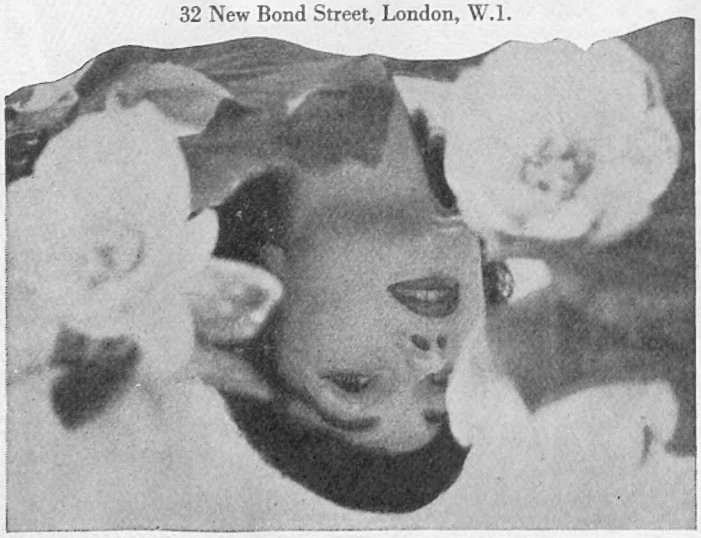

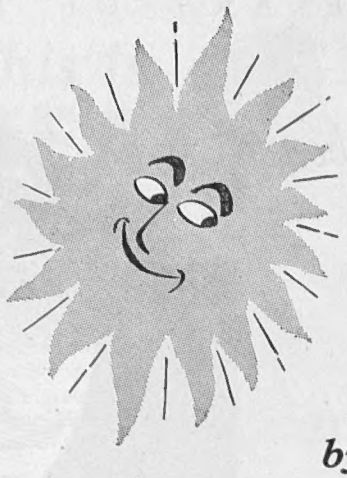

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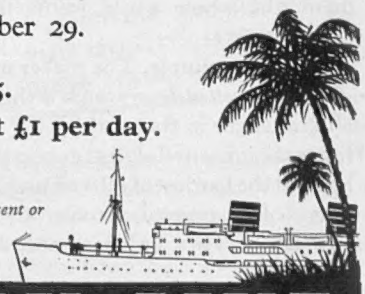

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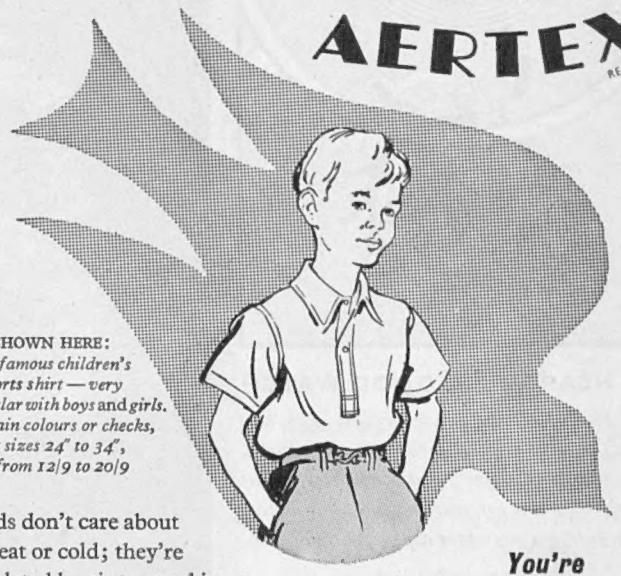

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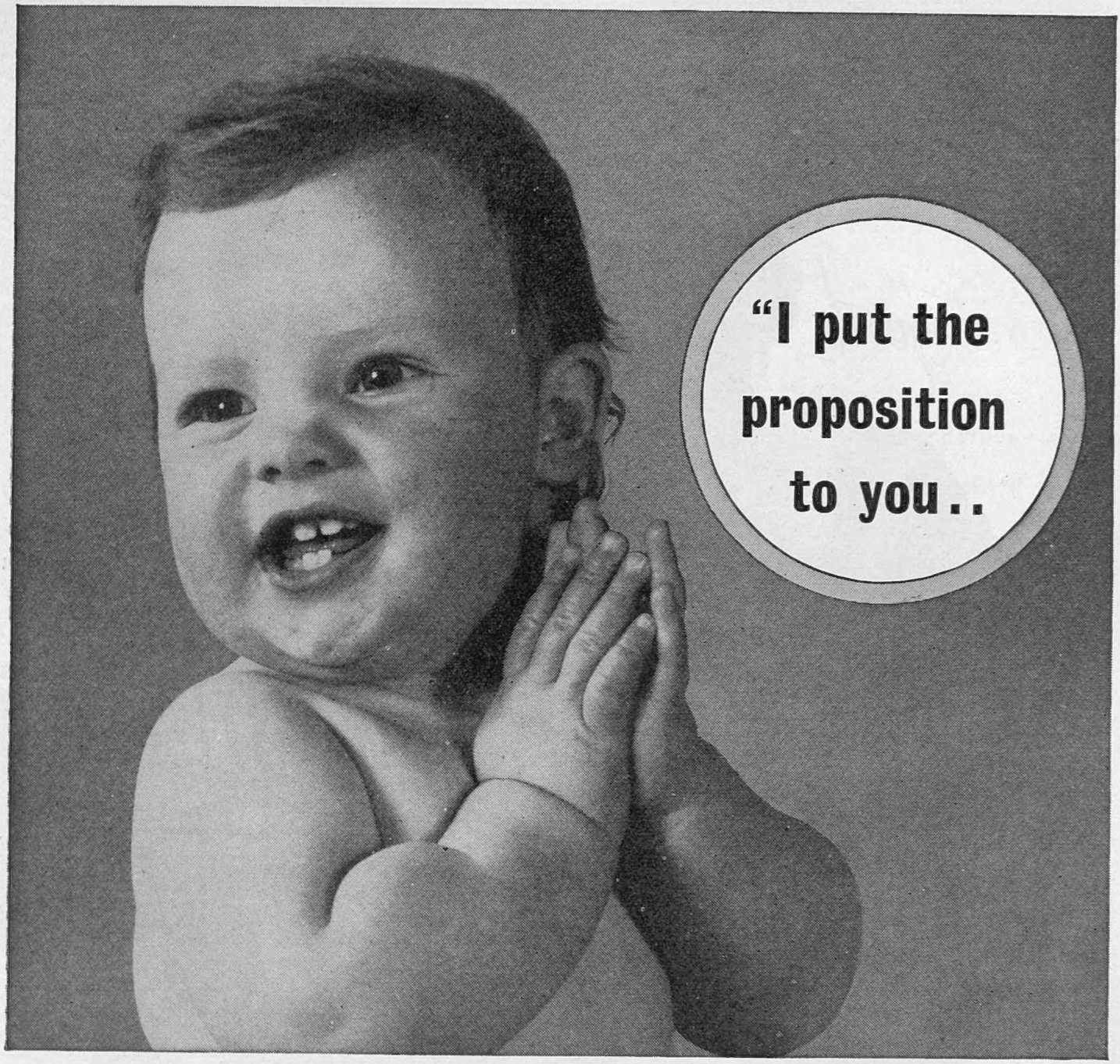

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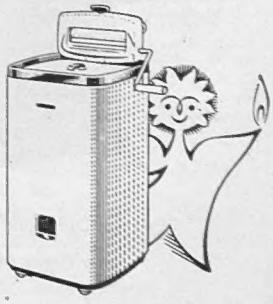

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By JEANNE WYLIE

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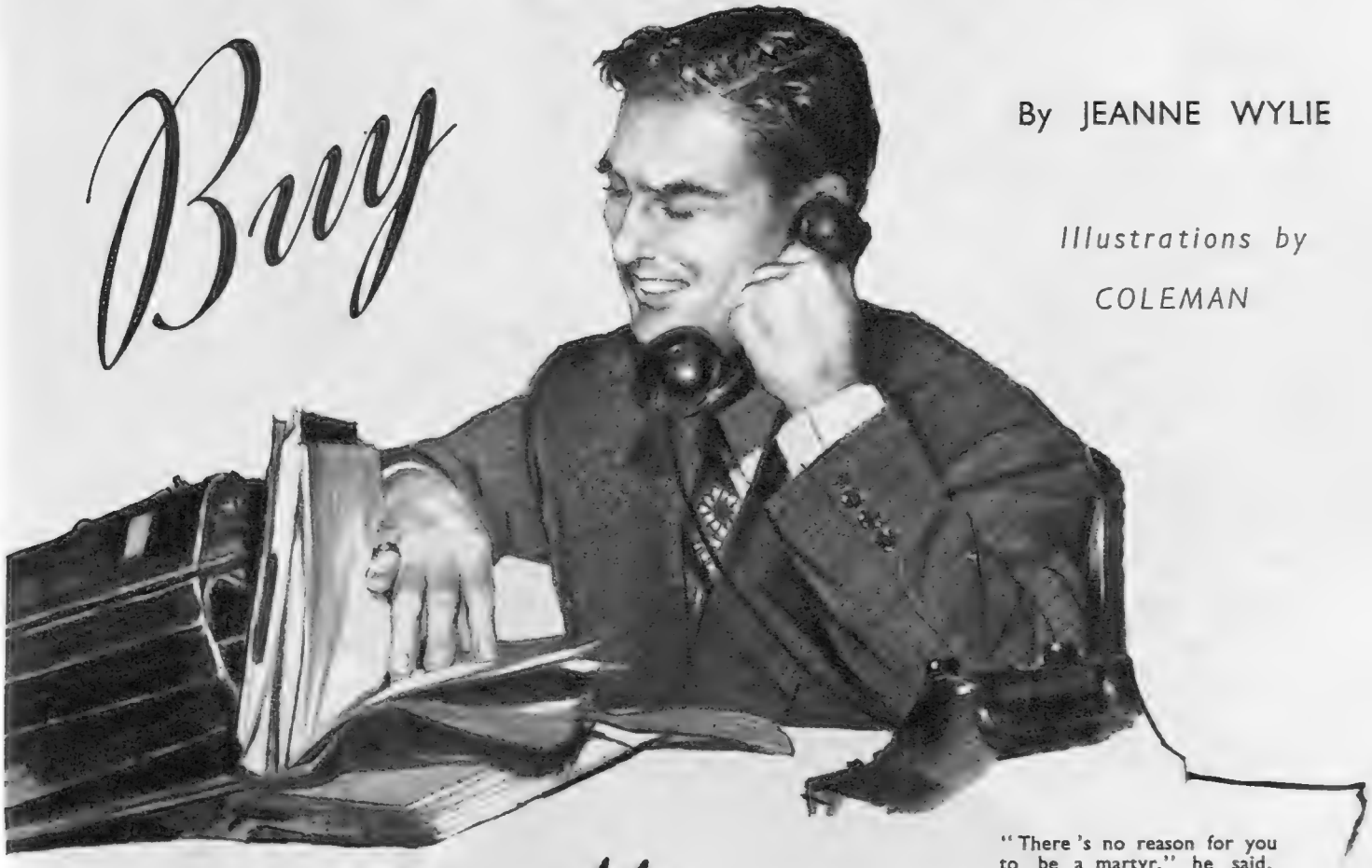


"There 's no reason for you to be a martyr," he said. "I 'm sorry about the car"

AT six-thirty Lobo barked in his run behind the house and Gail woke to find a tousled Sam already awake beside her and contemplating the sky as he always did until his life forces were up to full pressure again and he was ready to fling back the covers and leap to the floor. She pillowed her head between his arm and his bare chest and it was warm and nice to be together, speaking silently the one language that could not be misunderstood before the widening wedge of the day divided them.

"Stay home from work to-day." She whispered a hopeless hope. "Just this one autumn day. Let 's take a journey."

"We 'll take a real journey some day—all four of us. We 'll see the world."

For a moment she felt like crying.

Then he yawned and said, "Are you going into town to-day?"

"Yes," she said. She usually went, when she went at all, on Mondays.

He stretched, pushing at her legs with his feet. "Buy yourself a new dress for the doings Saturday night, why don't you?"

She lay motionless, instantly separate and aware.

"What 's the matter with my gold dress? Don't you like it?"

"Of course I like it. But you 've had it for ages. I thought you 'd like something new."

"I 've only had it for two years, and I like it so well I 'd be happy to wear it for another five."

"Okay, okay." He flung the covers back and sat up. "And other women complain because their husbands won't buy them new dresses."

She sat up. "Do you want me to be like other women?"

"Nope." He twisted his arm behind him, trying to scratch between his shoulder-blades.

She scratched for him, dutifully. Then, in spite of herself, she said, "Why do you have to impress people with your money all the time?"

"People? Who cares about people? I'm a spending fool, that's all. I work like a horse to earn it, so why shouldn't I enjoy spending it or having you and the kids spend it? Do you want me to paste it in an album?"

She laughed a little, and with one light motion got out of bed, pulled her pink nightgown off, dashed for the bathroom door. But she knew she had not finished with this conversation. A few minutes later, toothbrush in hand, she stood there in the doorway and looked quietly at him as he lay back, inhaling the first cigarette of the day.

"If I bought a dress," she persisted, "the first thing you'd ask me—before you even said whether you liked it or not—would be, how much did it cost? And if I said six guineas you'd say why didn't you buy a *good* dress."

"That's because I like the best. That's why I married you."

"The best doesn't always cost the most. I don't."

He grinned and reached for his slippers. "Give me a kiss."

"For nothing? I should charge a hundred pounds a kiss so you can be sure you're getting the best. . . . Anyway, I must rush into some clothes. You can have the shower now."

The dress said everything about herself she wanted to be. You could dance in it, be a queen in it . . .

She sped downstairs, started the porridge and coffee, spread a fresh cloth on the table in the breakfast nook. She could hear the two boys arguing happily in their room. The sun streamed in through the yellow voile curtains above the sink. A lovely day. If she could only use it the way a lovely day was meant to be used . . .

" At least I can put on a proper face for it," Gail said to herself, and went upstairs again. Sam, in his shirt-sleeves, was just finishing a 'phone call. He whirled about, caught her and kissed her soundly.

" Here," he said, reaching into his pocket. " Go up to town and buy yourself a dress." He put some notes into her hand.

" Oh, Sam ! " Her eyes actually hurt with tears.

" For the love of heaven, what 's the matter with you ? "

" MONEY," she said miserably. " Money, money, money ! Business, business, business ! It 's the measure of everything for you."

" A man isn't a success without money, is he ? "

" That leaves me something of a failure then, doesn't it ? I don't earn any money."

" I said a *man*. Are you ashamed of me because I earn money ? "

" Are you ashamed of me because I want to wear a two-year-old dress to a party ? "

" I 'm a heel because I want my wife to look nice ? "

" So without a new dress I won't look nice, is that it ? "

He sighed in exasperation. " Gail, for Lord's sake ! What started all this, anyhow ? "

" This ! " She threw the wadded notes to the floor. " You think it 's everything—even a proof of love. Well, let me tell you something. It 's the cheapest thing you 've got to give. A little more of yourself is what we want, a whole day now and then, a holiday——"

" A holiday costs money."

" It costs time, and when it comes to time you 're the stingiest man with your family that ever drew a breath ! "

" Honey," he took her hand. " Is it really that bad ? "

" It 's bad." She did not move her fingers to answer his touch, though she wanted to. " And I 'm always the petitioner, the beggar."

" No, you 're not, Gail. You know I 'd like to spend more time with you and the boys. Only now while the business is young, what can I do but stick with it ? Look, I 'll try to clear things away so next Sunday 'll be free. And you figure out what you 'd like to do. All right ? "

" Yes," she had to say at last, because he was so eager to be believed, to be absolved of the guilt she had momentarily put upon him.

" Love me ? " he asked.

" Yes."

He picked up the notes and closed her hand around them. He pinched her cheek. Then he went downstairs.

SHE stood there dejectedly. She did not feel like a mother. She did not feel like a wife. She felt like a child who has been given a lollipop to stop its crying. She did not like the way she felt.

" I don't need a new dress," she whispered. " And I will not buy another thing that I don't need." Then she had to ask herself if it were really a sin to buy what you did not need or only sinful to spend in blind search for something money could not buy.

She went to the dressing-table to put on lipstick. The early sunlight made a fireball of the ruby stopper in her glass perfume bottle. Sam liked red. She hadn't owned a red dress in years. A Chinese lacquer red with her hair and olive skin—her " khaki complexion," Sam liked to call it. On the other hand . . .

No ! She reached savagely for the hairbrush. She 'd send a larger cheque to the Red Cross. Or—but she could do these things and still afford a dress.

Spend it, Sam said.

Save it, her mother said.

And she understood why Sam spent and her mother saved. For Sam was an orphan and had supported himself since he was fourteen, with never enough even of the necessities of life, and now the only thing he liked better than the spending of money was the challenge to his wits of earning it. But her mother was a widow. And though her father had been a successful lawyer, since his death when Gail was eighteen they had had to count their pennies, not to the extent of denying themselves the luxurious necessities, but certainly they were unable to afford the supposedly necessary luxuries.

She put the notes in her purse, and the thought struck her then that it was herself she didn't understand. How she would hold in and be firm, but sooner or later something seemed to burst and she would have to buy, but never innocently and charmingly the way Sam did ; no, she had to rationalise the luxury into a necessity and, even so, feel guilty afterwards and promise herself to put a stop to it from that point forward.

IN the kitchen as she spooned up the porridge, little Sammy said, " Mother, where 's Lobo ? Isn't he going to eat his breakfast with us ? "

" Not this morning."

" Why not ? " The voice of Peter, the baby, now a strapping six-year-old, rose sepulchrally from his milk glass. " Lobo always eats his breakfast with us."

" To-day we 're late so he waits till you 're all out of the house and I have time to get it for him." She poured water from the kettle over the eggs.

" Well, I want him by me. I 'm going to get him." Sammy kicked his chair back.

" No," she said. " Eat your porridge."

" Aw——" Sammy said.

" Eat ! " Big Sam banged his fist on the table and Peter whooped with joy as the coffee slopped from his father's cup and the milk jug teetered.

" Why, Daddy ? " Sammy questioned slyly.

" Because it 's good for you."

" Then why don't you eat porridge, too, Daddy ? "

" Because I hate it."

Both boys choked at the old joke. The meal finished calmly.

They hugged her—they were not too old yet for that spontaneous gesture—and erupted from the house on their way to school. Sam hugged her too and said, " I 'll try to make it for dinner to-night, but don't wait for me if I 'm late."

" I won't."

" Now don't get a headache in town like you usually do."

" No," she said.

"You want to sell my car?" she said. "You've got troubles again?"

She watched as he strode along the circular drive to the big, cream-coloured car which waited like a racehorse at the starting-gate. Through all weathers the car stood outside because he was too busy to see to having the electric eye put on his dashboard so he could operate the garage door from the driver's seat, and anyway, it wasn't worth the trouble of calling an electrician since they changed cars so often. "As soon as this one runs out of petrol," he joked, "we'll trade it in for a new one."

Last Christmas he had turned her own little car in on a second huge coupé, twin brother to his own, and was vaguely hurt and baffled that she was not stung to superlatives by his gift. But she was only five-feet-two and preferred the familiar small car.

Sam turned his gold ignition key and the engine smoothly roared. He pressed buttons and the windows rolled down, and the black canvas top rolled back, and for an instant there he sat, full in the sun, the picture of a young and bold industrialist.

Then in one mad zoom of power he shot in reverse down the driveway to the street, almost but never quite grazing the boulders separating the grass from the curve of the concrete.

GOOD-BYE, she waved, blessing his indomitable and buoyant heart in spite of everything, and he was gone, galloping with all his horse-power under him up the street.

She carried the dog's breakfast into the garden. High in the golden branches of a tree a bird sang. All the cool, clean rivers of the air seemed to pour in an audible freshet from his throat. Against the blue he focussed the sun, a tincture, she thought, of rose-reds, pomegranate and flamingo and cinnebar.

In the dog's eyes as he rose and stretched behind his fence, the sun was golden brown. Sun glazed his thick coat as with oil: the almost white of his chest and belly and feet, the black of his muzzle and saddle and all the biscuit browns and fox-reds of the rest of him.

"Lobo," she sang, "isn't it a lovely morning?"

He laughed with his tongue hanging out and threw his great paws at the gate as she swung it open. All the while he ate, his nose deep in breakfast, he wagged his love at her with his plumed tail. And as she stood watching him in the sun's lazy warmth she was glad she had waited to feed him until her three eupeptic males were embarked on their daily conquests. Just that trivial assertion of her ownership of Lobo had restored for the time being her somewhat frayed identity. But was one's identity defined by what one owned? Not that, she decided, but by what one did to achieve and merit ownership.

Lobo romped after a blown leaf across the grass, prancing primly like a young Walt Disney horse. This four-legged creature was hers by right of achievement, more nearly hers than anything else she could name—husband, children, house or the big car.

SHE could never have been foolish enough to claim ownership of Sam, nor of the children, who were so quickly, if superficially, attaining to an independence with all the shiny new facts they brought home each day from school.

Lobo was hers in his small fashion the way the business was Sam's; those monstrous chrome and zinc and cadmium plating tanks and groaning conveyer belts and dipping racks and the everlastingly entangled problems, technical and financial, which he loved to solve. Without him and his agile legerdemain the business could not exist. It was a miracle it did exist, so successfully and in such a short time. Everybody said so.

And so, without her, Lobo could not exist. He was alive this fine day only because with a peculiar mixture of love and stubbornness she had determined when he was a puppy that he should not die, nursing him through the chronic colitis which followed his distemper, exhorting him to live because he was beautiful and there were wide fields and adventures to be enjoyed.

Soon she would begin to train him to obedience. In her father's house dogs had always been one of the luxurious necessities, and if she had a talent for anything it was for raising and training them. Once she had to earn her living at it, starting small, of course. But then, before anything could come of the idea, she had married Sam.

"Lobo," she said, "do you realise that I have never in my life had a job or earned a single, solitary penny?"

He dipped his head to his spraddled forepaws and stood with his rump in the air and mischief all over his face.

"And I don't like that," she said, "I don't like it at all."

She put him in his run and went in to change her clothes, studying her face with some perplexity as she patted powder on her cheeks. There were moments lately when she did not look familiar to herself. It was as though she had been without a mirror during all those other autumns and springs of her (*Continued on page* 64)

Who wants to drink soup from a tin? asks the horrified Frenchwoman and goes on bargaining madly in the market. LEAH LOURIE tells of family life in France to-day— of people one sees but rarely gets to know

The Families You Never Meet

WE go there for holidays, we savour the food, revel in the sunshine, and most of us, though we say we love France, know little of the family life which is the background and the very backbone of the country which gives us so much pleasure.

For some English people the Frenchman remains a caricature of the real man. He is a rather naughty little man with a moustache and usually unfaithful to his wife. The Frenchwoman is seen as a fashion-picture person, always chic, and also a little naughty. But what are the real French *really* like? The English who visit and love their country, but seldom penetrate within their homes, often have little idea.

As one who has lived among them for many years, I should put it like this: France is a country of golden wheat and clear rivers, of people whose gaiety bubbles like the champagne which they produce. It is also a country of high temperaments and tribulation, and, withal, a country which puts grappling irons upon one's affections because the French are great and endearing people.

The Englishman's home is said to be his castle, but it is even more true of the French. To the Englishwoman's eyes the French housewife would seem, to say the least, unprogressive. For her part, the Frenchwoman simply does not understand the "emancipation" of the modern American and English woman. She is tolerant of it, because toleration is a characteristic of the French, but the foreign woman's emancipation is for the foreigner. Not for her.

The word "family" is nearly as sacred to-day in France as it was in 1870, and life is still centred, as it always has been, round the dining-room table, where they sit in the evening endlessly discussing their financial problems, their children, and their hopes for them. It was Victor Hugo who wrote many years ago:

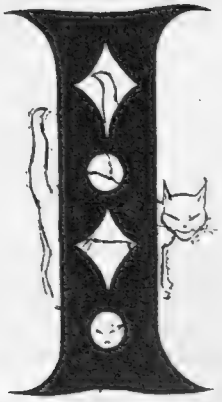
L'orseque l'enfant parrait
Le cercle de famille applaudit a grands cris.

Those days have not changed and the Government—whichever it is—always follows the policy of financing and encouraging the expansion of the French family. In fact, a large brood is a profitable thing in France to-day, for family allowances are high. It is said that if you have eight children "neither daddy nor mummy need ever work again!" Well, that 's as maybe.

But, in fact, "mummy" *does* work, and work hard and long. At most income levels except the highest, the French family is facing a struggle to live, which is largely borne on the capable shoulders of the housewife. France is a land of plenty, but there is one terrible shortage—of money.

Frenchwomen are wonderful jugglers with the housekeeping money. On the face of it this is a large amount, but it still buys so very little.

So, the middle-class Frenchwoman, with perhaps one child, has a job as well as a house to run. She does the cooking, the cleaning, the shopping and the family sewing unaided. Though she may visit the (*Continued on page* 79)



I adore Cats

By KENNETH MORE

THE first cat I ever loved used to climb on top of my pram whenever mother looked away. She was there because it was warm, not because I was such a beautiful baby. I liked that. I liked anything that made a change from faces that approached the pram and emitted drivelling sounds.

There is the same quality about Teggy, who is no longer young and was never a beauty. Teggy is affectionate and single-minded—to a point. When she winds herself about your legs with her tail waving and her spine arched, you are to understand that she loves you. That is quite genuine. She also wants the last piece of salmon. It is advisable to give it to her—and quicker to do it now—because even though you were hoping to have it yourself, Teggy makes you feel very good doing it.

Teggy is a realist, and realists are very good things to have around in a world full of people with good intentions; trying to turn over new leaves; to love their neighbours, and not doing very well at it.

It is the correct thing these days to admire cats. It is not so correct to admire women made in their likeness, which to me seems inconsistent. "Cats," they say, "are glorious, proud, unpredictable creatures. Consider their dignity, contemplate their ageless wisdom. . . ." I have done this, and I adore cats. Two legs, four legs, what 's the difference?

HERE, for instance, sits Teggy—or Theresa—blinking into the fire; restful, detached, purring softly, and thinking of what? Is it her love for me or the prospect of a succulent songbird? The speculation fascinates me. One moment she is charming, ingratiating, but before either of you are bored with this she is off with a scornful flick of her whiskers. A man who is fond of his fireside needs something like that to keep his slippers from growing to the fender.

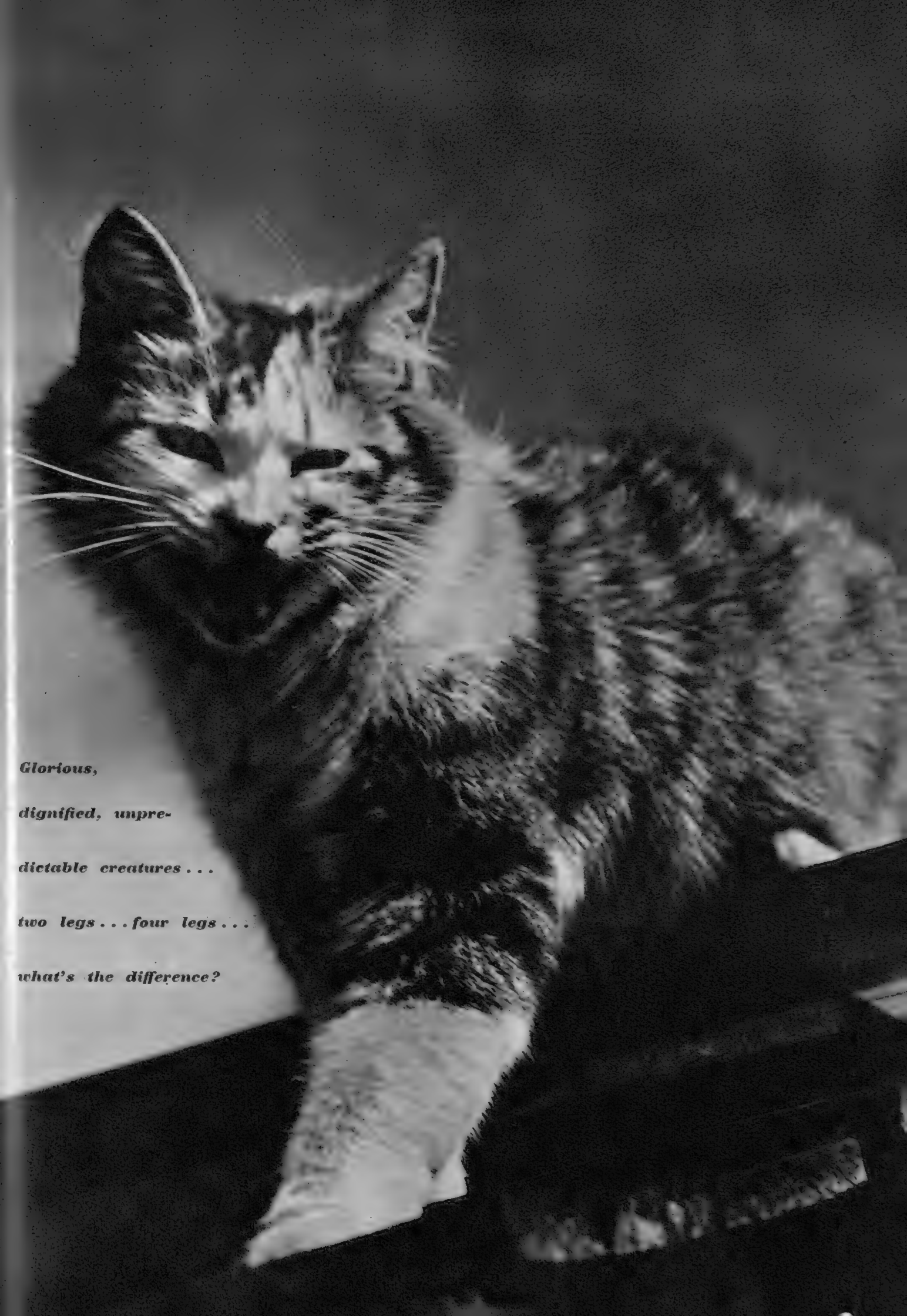
Women should have known better than to have allowed themselves to be tamed by killjoy opinion which says, "Thou shalt not be a cat." Gentlemen, I suggest, are finding it less and less agreeable to provide cream for pets who are now so tame that they are afraid to say what they mean: "Darling, *every* time I see that dress I like it better. . . ." That kind of thing. It takes an Oscar Wilde woman or, if you like, an early vintage Noel Coward woman to think that up. Not very kind, perhaps, but clever. Quite clever enough to have been said by a man, and, believe me, all men in the vicinity of a remark like that must get on to their toes. Men are much more fun when they are on their toes than when they are on the flat of their feet, and women owe it to the gaiety of nations (which has slipped badly of late years) to keep them there.

Remember this: A sleek and sinuous puss on a satin cushion stands a much better chance of double cream than a self-effacing one who is content to sit on the draining-board. Don't be under any misapprehension about this. It makes a man feel very good to provide cream.

IT all harks back to Teggy, who has no scruples about taking my supper from me. I deplore the extravagance involved in feeding salmon to Teggy at 12s. 6d. a cutlet, but I value her enough to surrender to her on this point. There is nothing remarkable in that. There is everything remarkable in the fact that, having abased myself to ensure her good opinion, I am still unsure. I make my sacrifice of salmon and bend down to give Teggy a loving pat, and, whizz, she has gone, straight for the front door, tail waving, stomach brushing the carpet. I 've been wheedled again.

Teggy has deposited her progeny in inappropriate places in my home for years; she has queened it on my hearthrug, purred at me and spat at me with superb confidence in my ability to keep my end up. Clever woman.

They tell me that cats were once the familiars of witches. I can believe that. They say that cats were extorting privileges from Mandarins centuries ago. There is a lamentable shortage of Mandarins to-day, but a man or a Mandarin likes to dispense privileges—only there is a lamentable shortage of cats.



Glorious,

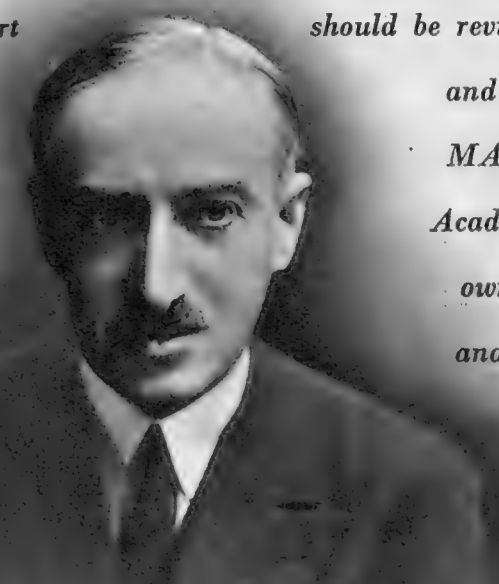
dignified, unpre-

dictable creatures . . .

two legs . . . four legs . . .

what's the difference?

IN this TV and radio-conscious age, the art of brilliant social conversation is almost dead. We think this is a great pity, for we believe that such a gracious art should still be ranked high among the social gifts of every man and woman. And because we also believe that this dying art should be revived, we have asked that great Frenchman, author and himself brilliant conversationalist, ANDRE MAUROIS, one of the "immortals" of the French Academy, to give us his point of view. Here is his own witty and wise analysis of . . .



The Art of Conversation

by ANDRE MAUROIS

THREE qualities are needed to excel in conversation: one must have something to say, one must say it well, and say it at the opportune moment.

Certain ideas, certain anecdotes which would have the greatest success at a political dinner or a regimental reunion, would bore or shock their hearers in a drawing-room. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that, between a man and a woman, there is only one captivating theme of conversation: "I am I, you are you, and all the others are absurd."

The truth is that love transfigures all conversation. We do not listen to what the man (or woman) we love is saying; it suffices us to look at them, to take joy in their presence. But in a group of people, on the contrary, one must take the atmosphere, the moment of time into account. An authentically amusing story can hang fire if it is told at the wrong moment. Before taking part in the conversation, a new arrival must "take its temperature," so to speak.

If you have let slip the moment when your own particular anecdote would have been linked to the general theme of the conversation, do not try to recount it later. Maladroit conversation consists of a long series of missed opportunities and tardy reminiscences. After-wit must remain silent.

BEING an art, conversation must have a style. Long monologues, however eloquent, have no place in conversation. Scintillating conversation is a fencing match with thrusts and parries succeeding one another in a glittering clash of blades. Wit and humour are the salt of conversation. The American painter Whistler one day used such a brilliantly witty phrase that Oscar Wilde sighed: "I *wish* I had said that, James." Whistler riposted immediately: "But, my dear Oscar, you certainly *will* say it."

Here is another example of splendid thrust and parry: an intellectual lady once said to Anatole France, the great French author: "Pascal has more admirers to-day than he had when he was alive." "Naturally," replied France. "When he was alive, he was admired by those who read him. Now he is also admired by those who don't read him."

WIT and humour alone are not enough. They add spice to the "dish" of conversation, but the dish itself must be there first. We like to feel that, under the brilliant exterior of wit and humour, we can find a solid base of culture. Wit must illustrate the ideas, but without the ideas, the wit is soon exhausted. If, therefore, you want your conversation to be agreeable, study at least one subject thoroughly, and only talk of things you know. Your choice is not important.

Whether it be your travels, your reading, your garden, your cooking, everyone will listen to you with pleasure if they feel that you are bringing them new, precise facts, and that you are presenting them briefly, clearly and wittily. There are no boring subjects of conversation, only graceless speakers.

Private conversation must be carefully distinguished from public conversation. Between friends, between husband and wife, the mind relaxes, and this freedom is one of the pleasures of friendship or marriage. Intimate friends and happily married couples take pleasure in repeating every evening the same opinions, the same regrets, the same confessions. (*Continued on page* 80)

A FAIRGROUND'S PAINTED SWINGS

A Story of Young Love

THE young man, rangy-looking as if his slight body and bewildered soul had not quite come to terms with life and himself, blinked in the dazzle of a revelry which sharpened his own solitude. In a new town, unknown and unfriended, the fairground seemed a gift offered to his loneliness, receiving him with a deceptive air of welcome. He explained it to himself in simpler terms and saw it as something to do and somewhere to go in a place inevitably designated as a hole.

Here at least there was life, a vital surge of humanity, but a humanity which cared nothing about him. If one were not desolately shy one would smile at some of those girls who laughed an invitation from young, scarlet mouths, to find oneself drawn into fleeting companionship—safe, in a way, against the burden of one's own society, and yet half perilous.

If one picked up a girl, what was expected of one? He did not know the technique. He essayed a tentative smile at a pair who walked towards him, arm in arm, each one using a free hand to manipulate a choc-ice; his smile was divided between them, with some idea that it was safer that way. They passed him, giggling, an echo reaching him and proving that they were absorbed in their own concerns and unmindful of him.

"That's what I said, but she would have it that Ron never did."

He was as much relieved as disappointed. They were blondes, too much alike to impress separate personalities upon him, too much of a handful; he was secretly terrified of them. But he was still alone.

The tinny, strident music blared an invitation to enjoy all the fun of the fair. The colours decorating the roundabouts spoke with the same harsh voice. To be lonely in such a place was to be conscious of squalor behind the bright façade; here one should go friended, ready to love it and to laugh at it, laughing and loving being not easily accomplished in solitude.

Ambling, hands in his pockets, kicking the littered ground at every step, he pulled up at a shooting gallery and felt some lifting of his spirits. Here at least was manly entertainment, a robust pursuit for which no partner was needed.

By SUSAN MUIR

Illustrations by LYNN BRYANT

In the background a procession of absurd puppet figures jerked past his line of vision, inviting slaughter. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

He was no expert with a rifle but he was happy there for a little while, one of the boys, remembering some fragment of childhood in which he had envisaged himself as a deadly terror with the gun, feared and respected by all. His success now was no more than moderate but action and effort satisfied him. He jingled small coins together, considering whether he cared enough to treat himself to another turn.

"Would you hold this a minute?"

Into his arms was thrust something which for one moment of embarrassed horror he supposed to be a baby. The moment was quick to vanish, disappearing on an outrushing tide of the ludicrous, but leaving him still broken in dignity. He held a huge naked doll, its stomach unnaturally protruberant and banded by a blue ribbon, its arms with starfish hands held towards him, poised for embrace.

"You don't mind, do you?"

The doll's owner, extracting sixpence from a bag which swung on her shoulder, looked up to smile at him. She wore a dress with gay stripes and her hair was dark and very short, swirling in windblown fashion round a small head; her face was elfin, almost a little boy's face, puckish, Peter Pan rather than Wendy.

"Not at all." The doll seemed to him obscene, too wild a caricature of humanity; he did mind, a little, and self-consciousness gave his acceptance a frigid air. But the girl pointing a rifle too big for her glowed in his eyes with a special intensity of life, uniquely human either by contrast with the outrageous doll or because she had spoken to him in a wasteland of strangers.

Shooting, she looked small but sturdy, gallant in a rather touching way; the happy swagger of a child visited his memory again—innocence, comradeship, cowboys and Indians, Annie-Get-Your-Gun. She could not have been more different from the two blondes who discussed Ron and had not smiled at him.

She took her money's worth in a businesslike way, displaying concentration and grave enjoyment but not much skill, then laid the rifle down and relieved him of his burden.

"Thank you so much. I won it, at one of the other games. Lucky, wasn't I? But it's rather impeding—almost as bad as a baby, really. Goodbye."

He watched her go. She did not move slowly as if she invited him to follow her; she had not for one moment hesitated, assuming a what-shall-we-do-next expression. The episode was evidently closed for her, and in a matter of seconds she was lost in the crowd.

He took another turn with the rifle and found his skill increasing, but there was nobody to admire him and the occupation palled. He ambled again, surveying the more complicated methods of enjoyment and the delight of the populace in being made profoundly uncomfortable.

WHEREVER he looked, pleasure-seekers screamed alarm at indignities suffered in the pursuit of that pleasure; defying the laws of gravity they were voluntarily imperilled, rushing and bumping through the air, trustful that when they had had their money's worth the firm earth would receive them once more. Trustful; yet exchanging a nod with the bright eyes of danger, because that was part of the fun.

He did not join them, he only wandered and watched. When he saw the girl again he knew that his wandering and watching had not been entirely aimless; it was not like another chance encounter but like a hope fulfilled, a lost opportunity offered to him once more. He had been barely conscious of the hope but he now recognized it, and recognized a restored happiness.

Close to them a stall displayed an evilly yellow liquid in a great glass vessel; the thought of begging her to accept a draught of the witch's brew appealed to him as a means of keeping her at his side, for he could think of no other, and she was passing him with the merest flash of a smile and no slackening in her pace. Yet it was not quite possible; the lemonade looked too spurious, and she too purposeful, but her hands were empty and he seized desperately on a question to halt her.

"What have you done with the doll?"

She had almost passed him but she stopped and turned, and made a gesture with her empty arms.

"Lost it, I'm afraid. I put it down somewhere, and forgot, and now it's one of the waifs and strays, poor thing. So if you see it anywhere——"

She turned away again, slipping once more into the crowd. To hurry after her, to fall into step beside her, should not have been impossible. But it was. She wasn't

quite the kind of girl, he thought, that one picks up; and he knew so little about picking up girls. The idea of doing such a thing alarmed him, he could not imagine an approach which would establish them on the right footing.

He did not express a definite and personal regret to himself that he should be so young and so shy, because youth and shyness are unadmitted things, but that was his trouble. It was a pity about the lemonade; he might have tried that. He bought a glass for himself, as a drowner of sorrows, and thought that perhaps it was just as well he had not inflicted it on her, because it was very nasty.

If he should see the doll anywhere—but that was all very well; what advantage lay in finding a lost child if the bereft mother were missing? It would entail a double search, first the doll and then the girl. He had no such fixed purpose in his wandering, or thought that he had not, but Fate seemed to be interested because he suddenly found himself staring at the doll.

IT leant against the base of a hoop-la stall, abandoned but evidently quite cheerful in its abandonment, wearing its fixed sly smile—although the inflexible arms held out did suggest an appeal for rescue and protection. It was no longer middled by its ribbon sash, but he did not remember its adornment clearly enough to appreciate the fact; certainly its nudity seemed more blatant than before, more embarrassing as he grasped its slippery waist and lifted it from the ground.

Tucking it under his arm he scanned the multitude anxiously, praying for a glimpse of a striped frock and a gallant dark head, triumph and timidity mingled in reluctant knight-errantry.

He was only vaguely conscious of shouts as he moved away, since the air was too full of noise to isolate any particular shouting; certainly he did not suppose them to be directed at himself. Suddenly, out of the blue as it seemed, he was surrounded and his passage blocked. The group confronting him did not exist merely as part of the general crowd which had often made movement difficult.

He had grown so accustomed to the indifference of that crowd, grown almost mournful about it, that it was a shock to find himself the centre of attention, and not a pleasant one since there was challenge and truculence in their bearing.

"Now then, that doesn't belong to you, you know."

He saw that his accusers had the appearance of a family group, and he was presumably being addressed by Father, who wore a checked cap and had an economical way with a cigarette, judging by the dangerously small fragment which adorned his lip.

Mother, in a floral headscarf, took up the charge.

"There's a nice thing, lifting Our Glad's kewpie. Only put it down for a second, Our Glad did, to have a go with the rings. It's not right, you know."

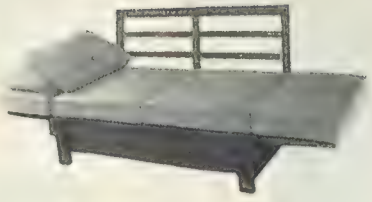
Our Glad was silent except for a series of sniffs. Her pale, sharp little face glowered at him. He struggled in a quagmire of shame, making excuses which had no sound of innocence in them.

"I'm terribly sorry. I didn't know—I thought it belonged to a friend of mine." Even in his confusion he felt a tremulous pride in describing the dark-haired girl as a friend. He thrust the doll into the child's arms, thankfulness to be rid of it warring with disappointment that he could not cement so fragile a friendship by its (*Continued on page 74*)

"Would you hold this for a minute?" For a moment of embarrassed horror he thought it was a baby

MICHAEL SHERIDAN

sets out to help home-planners and gives some ideas on how to



Drop-ends turn the settee into extra bed or "party" bench

Furnish a flat for £400

OUR first furniture is one of the most important "capital investments" we shall ever make. When we buy things like groceries or clothes, we have the whole of our past experience to draw upon and we profit, possibly unconsciously, from past mistakes. But in the case of furniture, common sense and clear thinking must take the place of this sound buying experience.

So the first tip is not to be in a hurry to buy anything at all. Take time to look around and compare values. Decide just what *you* need. To take two extreme examples, the sweater girl will need lots of shelf and drawer space in the bedroom; the girl with a full wardrobe will prefer more full-length hanging space. Here is a £400 budget for a typical small flat, consisting of living-room with dining annexe, two bedrooms and a slip of a hall. Our choice comes within the target figure leaving a small margin, but size of individual rooms will naturally affect carpet and curtain figures.

Space-saving sideboard with serving flap is only three feet wide

For living-room: curtains of heavy cotton with sea-shore design in coral colours (*left*). For master bedroom: a wake-up-and-shine pattern in lime, grey and blue (*top left*). For the spare bedroom: brown, blue and white printed on citron-textured cotton (*top right*)

"Man-sized" chair has buttoned back to match one for the lady of the house

OUR BUDGET

	£	s.	d.
Living-room and Dining Annexe			
Parker-Knoll drop-end settee	49	15	0
Ercol lady's chair	15	1	0
Benmax easy chair	13	6	0
Ercol drop-leaf coffee table	4	7	3
Cumbrae bookcase/display cabinet	16	13	6
Ercol dining-room pieces: Circular drop-leaf dining table	12	14	9
Sideboard/serving table	26	19	3
Four Windsor chairs complete with loose cushions	16	7	0
Two-tone Axminster carpet at 39s. 3d. a yard and underfelt (Catesby's Ltd.)	56	0	0
Curtains: 8 yards Morton Sundour's 50-in. wide "Alethea" at 28s. a yard	11	4	0
Master Bedroom			
Vogue Matchmaker double divan and spring centre mattress, with cover-it-at-home upholstered headboard	26	10	0
Bedroom pieces in French walnut, from the Meredew range of over 150 interchangeable units:			
Wardrobe	34	9	6
Dressing table	25	7	3
Chest	20	14	0
Bedside table	7	7	0
Stool	2	12	6
Close-fitted needleloom carpet in self grey (Catesby's Ltd.)	22	0	0
Curtains: 5 yards, 50-in. wide, Rosebank fabric at 14s. a yard	3	10	0
Spare Bedroom			
Myer single divan, spring centre mattress and headboard	12	0	0
Indian Numdah embroidered felt rug (Catesby's Ltd.)	5	0	0
Curtains: 3 yards, 50-in. wide, Rosebank fabric at 11s. 11d. a yard	1	15	9
Hall			
Woven rug (Catesby's Ltd.)	7	0	0
Total	390	13	9

The dressing-table fitment for spare bedroom is an ordinary shelf with a frilled fabric skirt. A shelf and a mirror serve as dumb-butler in the hall. Hall chair is second-hand.

Furniture, carpet and curtains for the living-room total £166 6s. 9d., but this figure includes carpeting and curtaining for the dining-room annexe (next page)

Don't buy furniture before you have a house or flat: unless you want to find, later, that the third piece of a bedroom suite, for example, has to live on the landing because it won't go into the bedroom.

Do spend money on major furniture—particularly on bedding and upholstery, since the comfort of the home depends mainly on these—and economise, if need be, on curtains and floor coverings. For a mistake over furniture must be lived with for a long time. Soft furnishings will automatically come up for review in a year or two.

Don't forget one good safeguard of at least a minimum standard of quality—the certificate given by the British Standards Institution. Much furniture now bears the Institution's guarantee and we can always demand to see this on any piece, including upholstered furniture.

Dining-room annexe : £56 1s.

A single woven rug carpets the hall—£7. Chair and mirror are second-hand, the telephone shelf home-made ; but there is a small margin in the budget to cover these

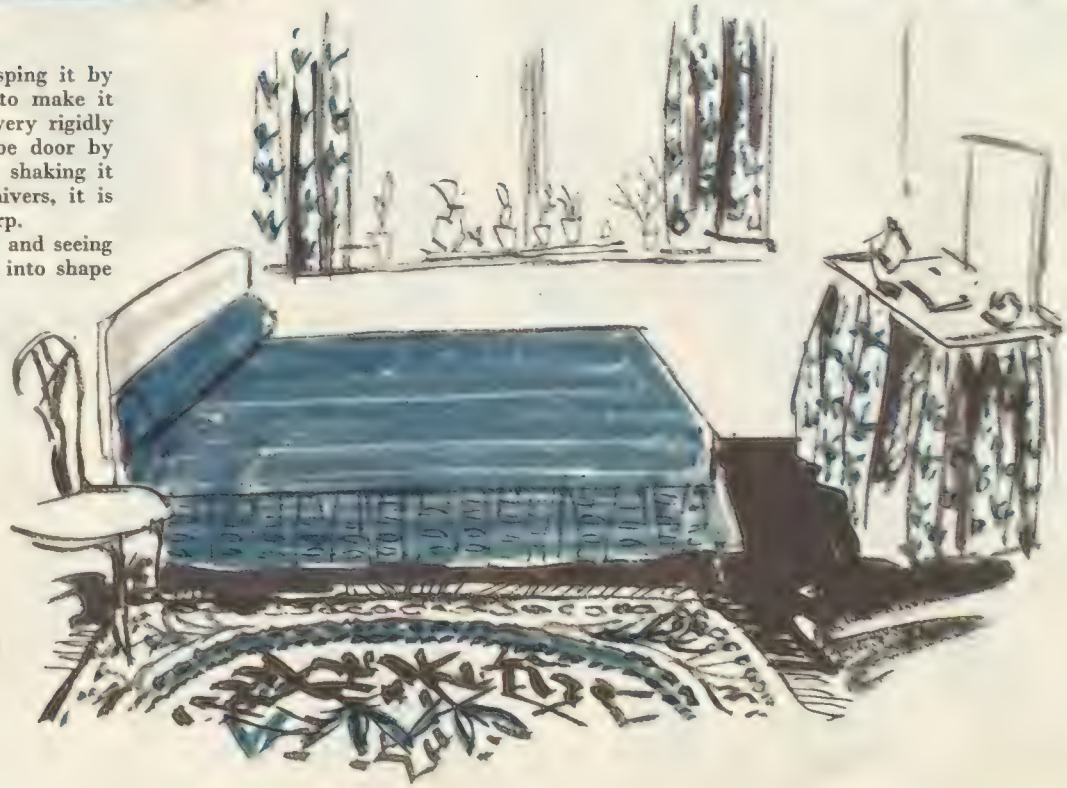
Plywood—always veneered with mahogany or other timber—is *not* inferior to "good solid wood." It is stronger and cannot warp. But one point to guard against : surface veneers can chip away at the edges unless properly protected. The "sandwich" construction of plywood is usually disguised by a framing of solid wood. Sometimes the surface is then veneered over both plywood and framing but this still leaves the edges of veneer exposed. Best protection is a framing put on after the main veneer so that the veneer is protected and the solid timber bears the brunt of wear at the edges

Appearances aren't deceptive : finish is a good test of trouble taken in manufacture. Only good timber will stand a finish showing its natural colour and grain ; a dark, glossy finish, on the other hand, *may* have something to hide. If, looking along the surface, you detect slight undulations where polish is thicker in some places than others, the piece has not been well finished. Look, too, for tell-tale globules of glue at joints betraying careless workmanship

Master bedroom : including close-fitted needle-loom carpeting, and curtains, £142 10s. 3d.

In choosing upholstery remember . . . that foam rubber pieces have no springs or stuffing to "go" . . . that tension springs—like giant expanding curtain wires—with loose cushions over are easily replaceable individually . . . that of conventional stuffings, curled hair is the most durable, resilient and hygienic . . . that the best covering fabric contains wool . . . that pieces with wooden, instead of upholstered, arms have all their value concentrated in the parts that matter for comfort and wear

Test a storage piece by grasping it by opposite corners and trying to make it sway. If it does, it is not very rigidly constructed. Test a wardrobe door by holding it in the middle and shaking it gently. If it waves and shivers, it is not stiff enough and may warp.
Test a mattress by pressing it and seeing how quickly it springs back into shape



Spare room, £18 15s. 9d. —the dressing-table fitment is an ordinary shelf with frilled skirt

Illustrations by SHEILA TIZZARD

GRAND

WEDDING

The immemorial pageantry of the pale procession moving down the aisle has established a tradition of ceremonial dress, so that the bride of to-day looks not unlike her mediæval sister. The dress on the opposite page is made by Elizabeth Henry in white Witchcraft lace over palest pink net, the pattern of the lace on bodice front and cuffs being highlighted with Oriental sequins and pearls. 61 gns. at Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. The bride must have her hair styled to the occasion, and the close-up shows her with centre parting and crescent curls to complement the halo of orange blossom. Head-dress £3 19s. at Debenham and Freebody. "Radiant" veil by A. C. Gill, with embroidered Guipure motifs and scalloped edge available in three colours—blue, pink or parchment (besides white), and three sizes, 8s. 4d., 10s. 4d., 12s. 4d. at Debenham and Freebody; Patrick Thomson, Edinburgh. The bridesmaid's dress, by contrast, can be frivolous and gay: this one, of powder blue or pink lace, has a Victorian posy of roses for a bustle and a brief shrug-jacket without which the dress is ready for cocktails or night-club. By Acquer, £21 10s., Marshall and Snelgrove, London; Watt Bros., Glasgow. She wears a spray of roses jauntily at one side of her head, with her hair brushed slantways across the back to meet it. Rose-spray £2 17s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody. Both hair styles specially created by André of Knightsbridge

MIDSUMMER

This stately bridal dress becomes a delightful evening gown for the young bride on her summer honeymoon. Panniers of cloud-like tulle frame the central panel of glistening, sequined lace, and will drift up the aisle and later, across the ballroom floor, with equal grace. The *grande décolletée* and diaphanous long-sleeved bolero are both of lace, the pattern traced in iridescent sequins to match the skirt panel. By Acquer, in Witchcraft lace, 30 gns. at Mayfair Trades, Berkeley Street, W.1; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh. Long mittens in fancy nylon mesh, dainty as a petal. By Fownes, about 5s. 6d. at Selfridges; Matthias Robinson, Leeds; Busby's, Harrogate

MARRIAGE

To go away in—a dress in sky-blue and white patterned Honella shantung: also in black/green, black/blue, black/red, black/white, brown/white. The spencer jacket takes off to reveal a late-day dress. By Rembrandt, 9½ gns. at Dickins and Jones; Affleck and Brown, Manchester. The coat is in shower-proofed pastel bouclé tweed—grey, green or gold. By Alligator, about 8 gns. at Jay's, Oxford Circus; Brown's, Chester. The hat is in tweed mixture straw swathed with crêpe to match the coat, or in black/white, navy/pink, two shades of blue. £1 11s. 11d., by Condor and Connor, whose hats are stocked by Selfridges, Swan and Edgar, and leading stores throughout the provinces

QUIET WEDDING

A dress and a coat fit for the great day, and for many occasions during the honeymoon and after. The accent—French in the case of the dress—is on the clever use of materials. The coat is of cotton tweed, black or navy and white, the dress of milk-white French voile. After playing her leading rôle at ceremony and reception, she dons the coat and is ready to "go away." The coat, by Selincourt, is 11 gns. at Harvey Nichols; Brights, Bristol.

The dress, by Ricci Michaels, about £13 5s. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly; Bentalls, Kingston.

The little hat, entirely made of white blossoms, is by Dolores, £10 10s. at Madelon Chaumet, Berkeley Street, W.1; Marshall and Snelgrove, Manchester

Illustrations

by

BARBARA HARRIS

TROUSSEAU CASUALS

Near-the-equator clothes, interchangeable and light to pack: these will see her through day and evening. First a cool blouse in coloured poplin satin-striped with white, having a crisp white piqué collar finished with a big marguerite. White on gold, electric blue, black, sherry, grey, green, rose, blue or red. By London Pride, about £2 19s. 6d. at Woollands; McDonalds, Glasgow. Wrap-round belted skirt in rayon serge by Estrava, £1 15s. 9d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Books, Sunderland. To change into for evening, a jersey in finest Botany wool with filigree insertion: comes in many colours including mink. By Laing Knitwear, 6½ gns. at Libertys.

Taiho (pronounced Ty-Ho) has quickly become a household word. This acetate shantung, made by Cyril Lord from Courtauld's yarn, is warm to the touch like real silk, washes well, does not crease easily, and comes in clear, bright colours—the cummerbund shirt and gypsy hat above are in tan, turquoise, royal or coral scattered with white shilling spots. The dashing shirt is by Estrava, about £2 5s. 9d. The jeans, in white rayon serge with toreador ties, also by Estrava, £1 13s. 9d. Both at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Books, Sunderland. The gypsy hat is by Dolores, about £1 12s. 6d. at Jay's; Matthias Robinson, Leeds.

First Love is

There was to be wonder and a wild sweet music and a

memory all the days of her life

Remembered Love

By MAURA LAVERTY

Illustrations by CRISP

IT was seeing a pale-blue teenager's dress in a shop window that brought it all back to me. The little dress looked so innocent and sweet and vulnerable. It was waiting to be bought by a girl who was waiting to be awakened.

* * *

The Christmas I was sixteen, I came home from my boarding school to find the village in a ferment of excitement because of the Ball-Alley Dance. The men had got together and had decided that a ball-alley would add to the amenities of the place. As a first step towards raising the necessary funds, they settled on a dance for the night after Christmas.

Our house had a big interest in that dance. Mike Brophy, our labouring man, was on the committee. My grandmother, who was recognized as the best cook in the district, had been asked to cook the hams and make the sandwiches. Judy Ryan, our servant girl who was "sweet" on Mike Brophy, was in such a state of wild anticipation that she could not keep her mind on her work. She burned the soda bread three days in succession.

Judy had got the village dressmaker to make her a new dress for the dance. On my first night home she brought down the dress for my inspection and admiration. It was primrose-yellow taffeta with a wide gathered skirt. The bodice which was cut with elbow-length sleeves and a low round neck was gathered at the waist. There was a wide folded sash of the taffeta which tied at the back and floated in two long streamers.

I loved the dress. I loved its gay colour and shining softness. I envied Judy when I thought of how she would look in it and how those streamers would float entrancingly out behind her as she danced.

"It's well for you, Judy," I said wistfully. "It must be grand to be going to a dance."

"Well, maybe if there's a dance this time next year your Gran will let you go," Judy said kindly.

Gran's voice spoke up suddenly from the corner of the settle, where she sat under the oil-lamp turning the heel of a stocking.

"She needn't wait till next year if she's that anxious to go," she said. "What's to prevent her going with yourself and Mike?"

"Oh, ma'am! do you mean that?" Judy was genuinely delighted at the treat in store for me.

"Why not?" said Gran. She scratched the back of her head with her free needle, a little nervous habit of hers when knitting and talking at the same time. "Isn't she nearly seventeen now? I'll go bail there'll be many a young one there not near her age. And isn't it time for her to get out and see a bit of the world and not be stuck for ever in the house (*Continued on page* 69)

While I held a towel in front of me Judy dipped the three-quart can in the gratefully warm water and sluiced me

For that most momentous journey of all – a honeymoon – here is a choice of

Romantic places

By ANN YORK

"MANKIND are always happier for having been happy, a man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour." "Agreeable" is hardly the right adjective, we feel, for that most momentous journey of all; a honeymoon. However, happiness is certainly the goal we search for on and off the beaten track of life and here is a little information which we hope will be helpful when you are planning your honeymoon.

Every city has its own distinct personality. Vienna, besides great beauty, has romance and charm. Even today, after two major wars, its gaiety is outstanding; it is still the city of music, dancing and laughter. Sacher's Hotel, opposite the State Opera House, is one of the famous hotels of Europe and manages to provide great luxury and immense "atmosphere," a quality rare nowadays. Here lodged the minor members of the Imperial Hapsburgs and their guests; it was the centre of old Vienna and still its gayest and most friendly hotel. Cabarets and "dancings," the theatre, and the famous Vienna Opera provide ample entertainment, and there is much to see and explore—the great Imperial Palaces and St. Stephen's Cathedral, now restored to its former grandeur, are "musts" at least.

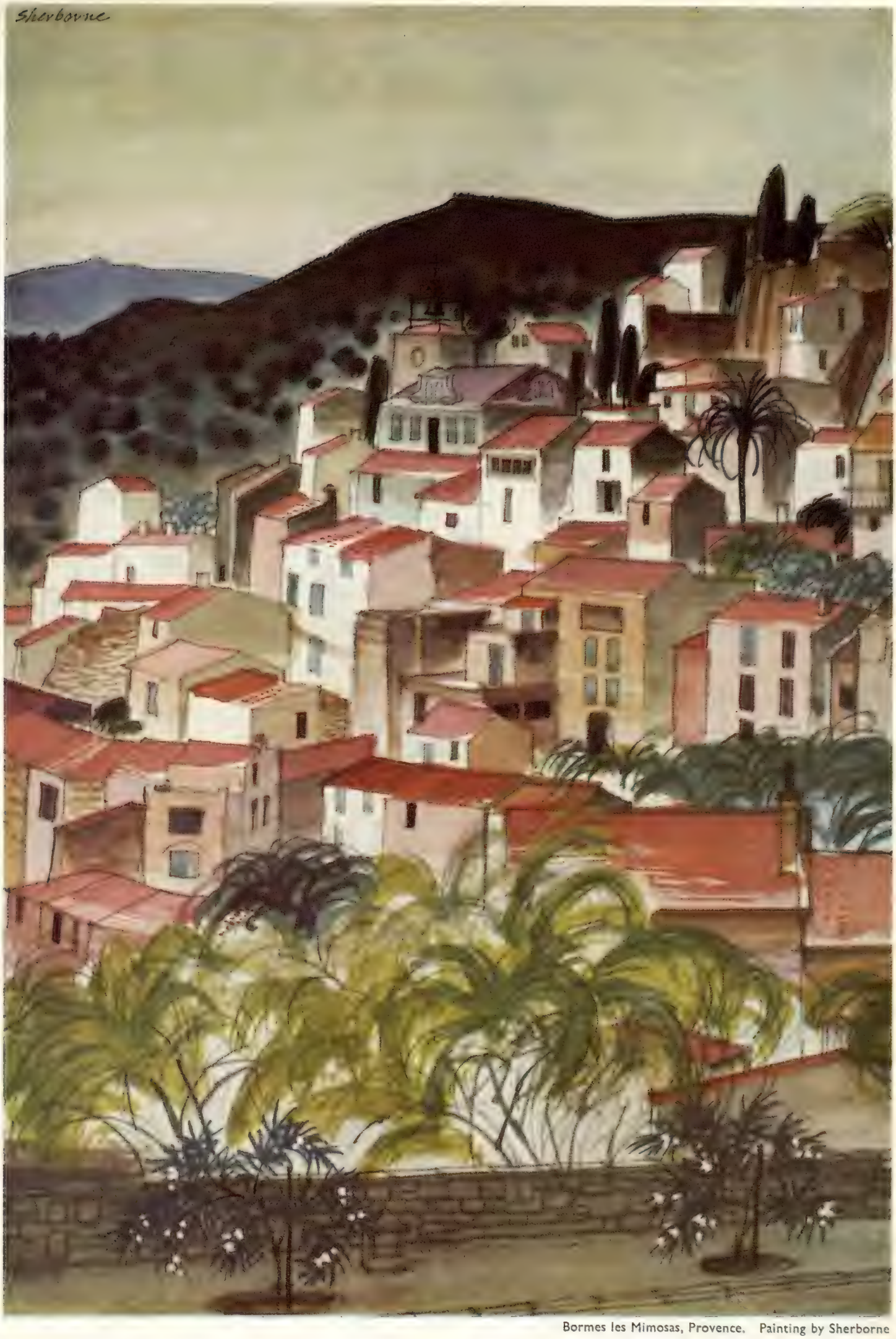
A few miles outside in the Vienna Woods is Cobensl, once the palace of Baron von Soken, but now a restaurant with one of the finest views in Europe—out over the wooded hills to Vienna. Here you may dine and dance and, in the daytime, swim and sunbathe. If you wish to stay in this leafy paradise, you may find lavish hospitality at the Hotel Kahlenberg nearby.

Saltzburg with its wonderful Festival of Music from the end of July to the end of August is, perhaps, too well placed on the beaten track to be entirely desirable, as it is sure to be overcrowded, but between Saltzburg and St. Wolfgang is Fuschl, delightfully situated on its own lake, Fuschlsee. On a wooded spur in the lake stands the castle of Fuschl, one-time residence of von Ribbentrop who stole it from its rightful owner.

This lovely and romantic old building is now the Schloss Hotel and here you may stay in some luxury and go into Saltzburg as you please. In common with most of Austria's lovely lakes, Fuschlsee has its own little "plage" for bathing and sun-bathing. Austria, incidentally, is still one of the most reasonable countries in which to stay.

IN the southernmost part of France, up on a hill but sheltered from the mistral by surrounding heights, lies the charming little town of Bormes-les-Mimosas, in Var, Provence. Old, winding streets lead up to its fairy-tale feudal castle from which there is a magnificent view out over the Mediterranean. This is a romantic and colourful borderland at any time of the year but in the spring the mimosas from which the little town takes its name add fragrance to its many charms. Even before Queen Victoria stayed here, Bormes-les-Mimosas was especially beloved by us as a winter resort. A winding road leads to the sea through orchards and woods. The Hotel Provençal has a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean; the Grand Hotel is more sophisticated and more expensive.

If your desire is for warm sea-bathing with guaranteed sunshine on an uncrowded beach, Pilat-Plage on the Cote d'Argent will provide a memorable change from the Cote d'Azur. Here the great pine forests (*Continued on page 71*)



Bormes les Mimosas, Provence. Painting by Sherborne

We try an experiment in bedding out to provide us with a gay succession of flowers, make a fresh attempt to grow aubergines; postpone making a new shrub border—and find solace in asparagus

Cavalcade of flowers at Hurtmore Farmhouse

by

ELIZABETH HAY

OUR sundial is proving a very particular success—not that we ever read the time of the day by it even when the sun is kind enough to allow us to do so—but it is a special focal point in the garden.

As you emerge from the house at the back on to the flagstones of the old courtyard, you walk up a wide grass path between what each year we hope are more satisfying herbaceous borders, till you come to the eight foot stone wall with what you could only call a gap in it. Beyond this, a stone path leads up to and round the sundial.

Earlier this year, but after the painting on the opposite page was done, we dug a circular bed round the sundial, with the idea of changing it regularly and so securing a cavalcade of flowers through the spring and summer. The bed is not very big, so we can afford to be reasonably extravagant with what we put in it.

First we had pink and blue hyacinths of varying shades interplanted with mixed Darwin tulips and forget-me-nots. It did not start to look gay until mid-April and the tulips and forget-me-nots lasted well till the end of May. You can pack bulbs close enough to give a good show of colour coming as these do at different times.

With a small bed like this, if you have any sort of heated greenhouse or frames you can immediately bed out at the end of May or even at the beginning of June, another batch of plants almost at the flowering stage. For the summer we are trying Zinnias, of which I am very fond, and a dwarf antirrhinum of mixed colours, so we are hoping for an equally gay succession.

In our front garden we have only a small part which we bed out. I think the front looks best in the spring, as a semi-circular dry stone wall below the beds is a mass of different coloured aubrietias, with rose pink camellias and, later, wistaria, mermaid rambler roses and honeysuckle to drape themselves over the house. There is a shrub border on one side underplanted with daffodils and (*Continued on page 79*)

Hurtmore Farmhouse garden promises a riot of colour this summer. Artist Kerry Lee gives his impression of how it will look (left)

Look Who's Here!

The trouble between them had begun when Marion discovered after their honeymoon that George had a "past"

By NINA WARNER HOOKE

Illustrations by MICHIE

WHENEVER the recent mysterious reconciliation of George and Marion Maxwell-Saunders crops up in the course of conversation, as it frequently does when I'm around, I am invariably asked to account for it. The reason for this is quite simple. I have known them both, and enjoyed their friendship and confidence, for a number of years.

To the uninitiated it might seem that this could be said of a good many people, in view of the Maxwell-Saunders' wide circle of acquaintance. It can, on the contrary, be accurately said of no one but myself.

As is widely known, the Maxwell-Saunders alliance could have served any woman columnist as the classic example of How To Make Your Marriage A Crashing Failure. If they ever, at any time, believed they were meant for each other, it could only have been in the sense that they were meant to afflict and abuse each other. No one who believed what George said about his wife could possibly be a friend to Marion; and by the same token, no one who had heard half the allegations against George could pass him in the street with unaverted head.

Their respective allies were as firmly lodged in opposite camps as the Greeks and the Trojans. I, however, was the exception, since I happen to be Marion's first cousin and George's oldest friend. It was in my rooms that they met. (Neither of them ever failed to remind me of this unfortunate circumstance.)

Being thus, so to speak, responsible for their mutual misery, I have remained the confidant of both. Owing to this unique qualification I am the sole possessor of the true facts concerning their reunion—the only living index, as it were, on what is by any standards an entertaining story.

THE trouble between them had begun when Marion discovered after their honeymoon that George has a *past*. (The italics are intended to convey something of the emphasis laid by Marion on this trenchant monosyllable.) The truth was, of course, that George's past, like most men's, was nothing like so black as it was painted. If he had only had the horse sense to make a pre-nuptial confession of his few humdrum peccadilloes they might have been forgiven him.

As it was, they reached Marion's ears from extraneous sources; and at once the image of the blameless Galahad which she had erected for herself—encouraged, I have no doubt, by the doting but deceitful George—was torn from its niche and shattered into a thousand squalid fragments.

To say that she could not forgive him is an understatement of the effect the discovery had upon her.

From then onward, George appeared to her a perfect monster of depravity whose every leisure hour had been spent in libidinous company, whose every thought was directed to the ruin and ravishment of trusting girlhood. She watched him like a hawk. He could not, in her imagination, offer a drink to a chance-met acquaintance without taking part in a rip-roaring Bacchanalian debauch, nor ever stroll down the road to the pillar-box without having ogled and whistled at every cruising blonde.

Naturally this state of affairs was intolerable to a sensitive and, by and large, thoroughly decent chap like George. Finding himself quite unable to convince Marion of his innate respectability, he set out to justify the low opinion she held of him. He was aided in this endeavour by a shapely piece of excess baggage he had collected in his bachelor days. Her name was Nancy Huggins; but she was known in certain circles, of which George was now a constant member, as Boopy.

It could not be said that Boopy Huggins was remarkable for any intellectual attainments, but then she could hardly be expected to have legs like hers and brains as well. Boopy was delighted to have George paddle around again, as she expressed it. She thought she had lost him for good when he got married. "That's the way they all go, sooner or later," she told him sadly. "The casualty list's been terrible lately."

She and George paddled about together very happily for some time, until the news reached Marion's ears. Then Marion did something that frightened George badly. She threatened to divorce him. At this point in the saga George discovered, most inconveniently, that Marion was the only woman he had ever really loved.

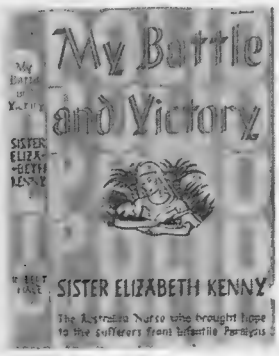
He had quarrelled with her, both privately and in public, over a period of years. He had called her everything in the calendar of expletive from a prig to a hellcat. But now, faced with the prospect of release from her tyranny, he found that he no longer desired it. He begged her to forgive him. He promised never to see Boopy again, nor any of his cronies. He offered to do anything, short of entering a monastery, that would convince her of his moral and spiritual reformation. If he had ever been obliged to carry out all the vows he made in that fit of abject remorse, George Maxwell-Saunders would have been canonized by now.

His eloquence was, however, only partially effective. Marion wavered, but she did not capitulate. She said she would go down to the country for the weekend, to her mother's, and think it out. She suggested that George also should go off on his own, to some quiet spot where he could do the same thing. Good idea, George agreed. He would go to *his* mother's. He hadn't seen (*Continued on page* 73)

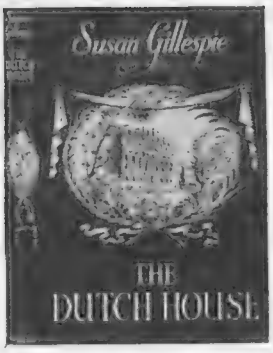
"Do you think I ought to ring up again?" she asked. "Waste of time," said her mother flatly

BOOKS...

By
TREVOR
ALLEN



BOOKS...



Sister Kenny's **"My Battle And Victory"** is the story completed just before her death, of her fine work for polio children. Susan Gillespie's novel, **"The Dutch House"** is set in Cambridgeshire

BOOKS

I HAD imagined that a ventriloquist's life with his dummy could be more than professionally amusing. Peter Brough's agreeably lightweight autobiography—**"Educating Archie"** (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.)—confirms the belief. When Brough first entertained the Household Staff at Windsor, King George VI took the dummy's head in his hand to explain to the Queen how it worked. As he replaced it Archie provoked a right royal laugh by perking up with: "Sir, I'm the only fellow you have beheaded in your reign!"

Brough was nearing home late one evening after giving a show to wounded soldiers at Buckingham Palace when he was stopped by two police officers who said there had been so many burglaries lately that they wished to see what was in his case. Brough opened up to reveal a limp, dejected Archie, who piped: "Hard cheese, chaps. Better luck next time!"

Brough was rushing for a train when the suitcase snapped open, out fell Archie, and an agitated woman on the platform screamed: "Murder! Help! A body! It's fallen out of that man's case! Help!" There's no end to the amusing stories of the man whose father and grandfather were "vents" but who worked in a big store and tailoring firm before becoming a pro. himself and fighting hard to reach the top of the bill.

Another smilebook for June-in-the-garden is Betty MacDonald's **"Onions In The Stew"** (Hammond, 12s. 6d.) which records twelve years' homekeeping on Vashon Island off the Seattle *(Continued on page 77)*

TRAGIC QUEEN

BIOGRAPHERS—and readers—will always be attracted by the story of Marie Antoinette: her spoilt childhood, follies, extravagances; the unwise gifts she lavished on the Polignac family, which incensed the nobles she snubbed; the Diamond Necklace scandal; the play-acting and trianon rusticating on the very edge of the volcano that erupted as the French Revolution; the flight to Varennes, trial, and final trundle to the guillotine in a cart through jeering crowds.

In **"Queen Of The Trianon"** (Jarrolds, 18s.) Iain D. B. Pilkington takes the compassionate view that she was no great queen, but deserved better of her people. Tragic child of a century already dying, she was a "goddess of grace in a world from which all grace had fled," never understood the momentous forces of change around her, and learnt wisdom at last when it was too late. He writes so graphically that one gladly retraces ground already covered by Stephen Zweig and many other biographers.

Feet off your

New colours, elegant designs make it easy to be well dressed down to the toes, but what about comfort? Ease and elegance must go together. We asked ANDRE CAURA a well-known shoe designer to answer questions about walking with ease

Q What are the faults of fitting which lead to discomfort?

A Without doubt shoes too short, too wide at the heel or too narrow across the toes. Of these, the too short toe is the worst. Feet should be measured by an expert fitter. Foot defects cannot be taken into account by the makers, so let a chiropodist put your feet into condition *before* you buy new shoes, otherwise even the best of them will disappoint.

Ferrina

Q Older and heavier women find high heels uncomfortable. Is there a heel design which is both smart and flattering?

A Yes. Many good shoes have heels which give an illusion of height because of their slenderness yet because of beautiful balance are comfortable to wear. The fashionable cuban heel is the answer. A one-and-three-quarter inch heel is ideal for this type of person. It has a wider base for support, but its shape is becoming.

Rangoni at Lotus

Q Is it a fallacy that the only truly comfortable shoes are dowdy ones?

A Yes, it is a fallacy. Elegance and comfort do go together but it is impossible to recognize a well-built shoe from its appearance only. It must be well made (good shoes are not the cheapest though they are the most economical in the end) and the design must suit your particular foot type. There are suitable designs for every type, short, long, wide and narrow.

Clarks Skyline

mind

Lotus

Q How can a shopper assess the fit and comfort of a shoe herself?

A Go to a reputable maker and stay with him. Generally speaking the shop assistant can only fit to the nearest half size, but if you are a regular customer many good shops will allow you to take the shoes home and wear them *on the carpet* for an hour or two. This is the best answer.

Q Are some types of leather harder on the feet than others?

A Calf and reptile skins tend to be harder than kid or suede because they do not allow the skin to "breathe" to the same extent. Baby calf is one of the best leathers for the active woman. It is hard wearing but soft and does not scratch easily.

SHOES this summer are to be pale and filigree—a lot of you and not much shoe, and what there is must be delicate.

The golds of autumn have given place to the greens of summer; pale petal colours—pink (as in the Clarks sandal), blue, and blonde are being worn not only for holiday and evenings, but for town days also, to brighten dusty streets—not so unpractical as it sounds, for neutral cream polish will restore the daintiest kid.

The white sandal with sugar-almond bows opposite is the epitome of this gentle petal look, which goes with pastel make-up, sleeker hair, longer waists, and "Boyfriend" beads—another maker has an exquisite sandal entirely made from ropes of pearls.

But still the black shoe is never "out," and we show a new version with *appliqué* embroidery. The sandal pictured with gunmetal bands and heel, gives a glint of interest with every step you take, and is perfect to wear with grey or navy blue. Very high, spherical heels on evening shoes are covered in feather-light, colour-lustred metal, making them strong and safe in wear, as well as decorative. A famous Italian designer also instituted a crystal plastic sole which is transparent, flexible, non-slip, and wears almost for ever.

I am a Selfish mother!

by WINIFRED STIVENS

It is fair shares for all here where mother-of-two has trained her family to walk with her and not on top of her!

IT could be said—and is said by a number of my friends—that I am a selfish mother. They point the finger at me because I go out as often as possible, sleep late when it suits me, and declare frankly that I devote the minimum—not the maximum—of time to my two children, one eight, one five.

It all started quite normally when I promised myself for better or worse, for richer or poorer, etc. Then, having the temerity to produce two children, I found myself with the care of a family on my mind, and hands.

The thing that bothered me most, at first, was that I felt that I ought to be all things to my husband, all things to my children. I could see myself turning into the perfect Victorian mamma. It was the easiest thing in the world. All my instincts cried out to be everything to, and do everything for, these helpless babes.

But it still bothered me.

I was born into a generation of emancipated women : I had had two careers before I married and my two passions—to write and play the piano—would not be stifled. Was all that to go by the board? Must I wait fifteen or twenty years before I did either? I decided the answer in both cases must be emphatically "No!"

The only solution, I felt, was to make the extra time I needed by training my family to walk *with* me, not on top of me. What was more important, and more difficult, was to train myself to eliminate what I might call "clucking."

Then the lovely truth dawned on me : what was going to be good for me was going to be better for them.

I devoted myself entirely to my children for the first four years of their lives. From the time they could walk and talk I threw them on their own resources whenever possible and I set "impossible" and "old-fashioned" standards of behaviour and achievement. (The quotes are those of my critical friends.)

Fair shares for each one of us is the basic principle : a fair share for mother, father, and children, of

Illustrations

by

ROBERT HODGSON

the family pool of money, time, and energy.

On the basis of fair shares, my children now understand that while the man in our house is father whenever he can, he is also my husband whose companionship and conversation I enjoy as much—or more—than theirs.

Moreover, I've been through the labyrinth of childhood myself. I don't want to live through the lives of my two, pang by bang, and then, after they've fled to make lives of their own, to end up a lonely woman with neither interests nor resources apart from them.

If I were to face my middle and old age with a heart bursting with anger at the base ingratitude of the younger generation, and a face etched with the unmistakable lines of frustration and discontent, I should have only myself to blame.

As an insurance against those times, I keep up my other interests. I mean to write and I am determined to teach the children to cope while I get on with it. Better that than to reproach them later with, "I sacrificed everything for you." We all have only one life ; they have theirs and they can't have all of mine even if the "selfish" tag hangs about my neck to the end of my days.

Fair sharing also applies to clothes. I like good clothes. They make me feel better and act better. If I look, feel, and act according to the highest standards I can possibly maintain, both my husband and my children like me better and I like to think that I'm setting a good example. However, this involves spending more on everything from rainwear to party pieces, though I should add that I keep my champagne tastes down to a pink gin level.

Even so, there's less to spend on the children's clothes. Slacks and sweaters are adequate for roughing it in the garden. School uniform is sturdy and mercifully tasteful and flexible. But to offset so much practicality, my daughter has the sort of party dress that would be described in the more relaxed ads. as a "confection." It's pink organdie (her choice), with hand embroidery, pin-tucking, and an enormous sash. I make sure that both children always wear the same sort of things as other children, though perhaps they don't get them so often. My son has not yet reached the stage where he objects to wearing his sister's hand-me-down shirts, sweaters, or socks (all plain), but he has a formidable collection of ties—like father. It's probably in the nature of things but I'm pleased about my son's hero-worship of his father. So is father.

Family outings are an institution and they're achieved by the all-hands-to-the-wheel technique. My husband and I, however, have a well-concealed preference for going out alone. The children's babyhood is not so far away that he forgets to trot out the old gag about it being "positively indecent" to be out alone with me. The children are aware that, in the peculiar and illogical (*Continued on page* 80)

WHITE

A bolero with a difference . . . the fringed scarf may be flung across back, or allowed to swing where it will, giving movement and gaiety

Dress from Fenwicks of Bond Street

THREE-QUARTER SLEEVE BOLERO

MATERIALS.—12 balls Thistledown Angora; No. 10 and No. 12 needles. Size: to fit 36-38-in. bust. Tension: 6½ sts. and 9 rows to 1 in. measured over the stocking stitch using No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 74 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.

3rd row.—K. twice into first st., k. to last 2 sts., k. twice into next st., k. 1.

4th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.

Rep. the last 4 rows 6 times more (88 sts. on needle).

Work 2 rows st.st.

Now inc. 1 st. at each end of next 16 rows (120 sts.).

47th row.—Cast on 6 sts., k. to end.

48th row.—Cast on 6 sts., p. to last st., k. 1.

Cast on 14 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows (272 sts.).

Work 45 rows straight for sleeve edge.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off remaining 40 sts. loosely.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 2 sts. on No. 10 needles.

1st row.—Cast on 2 sts., k. to end.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. to last st., cast on 2 sts.

3rd row.—Inc. 1 in first st., k. to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

4th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., cast on 2 sts.

5th row.—Cast on 2 sts., k. to end.

6th row.—P. to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

7th row.—Cast on 2 sts., k. to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

8th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., cast on 2 sts.

9th row.—Inc. 1 in first st., k. to end.

Continue thus, inc. 15 sts. at the right side of the work (front edge) every 9 rows and 1 st. every 4th row at the side edge until the 27th row has been worked and there are 54 sts. on the needle.

Next 7 rows.—Inc. 5 sts. during the next 7 rows at the front edge and inc. 1 st. every row at the side edge thus:

Inc. 1 st. at front edge on the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th rows, at the same time inc. 1 st. every row at the side edge.

Rep. last 7 rows twice (90 sts.).

Next 15 rows.—Inc. 6 sts. during the next 15 rows at the front edge (i.e. inc. 1 st. at the front edge on the end 5th, 7th, 9th, 12th and 14th rows), at the same time at the side edge work thus: cast on 6 sts. at sleeve edge on first row, then cast on 14 sts. at beg. of next 5 alternate rows. Continue to work 6 incs. every 15 rows at the front edge; at the same time continue to work 45 rows for sleeve edge.

Shape Shoulder.—Continue now to inc. 1 st. every 5th row at front edge. At the same time cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 p. rows (at armhole edge), then cast off 7 sts. at beg. of the next 7 p. rows, then cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 p. rows (80 sts.).

(Continued on page 72)

The most flattering to suntan . . . the coolest, crispest, most charming . . .

the youngest and freshest . . . the sparkle to add to colour in every way

is a WINNER

SLOTTED SWEATER

MATERIALS.—8 (50 gr.) balls of Penguin Alpin 4-ply wool for sizes 34 and 36, 9 balls for size 38; No. 11 and No. 12 needles; 9-in. zip fastener; 1 yard of 1½-in. wide corded ribbon. Size : 34, 36 and 38 in. bust, the larger sizes appearing in brackets thus: 34 (36, 38). Tensions: 15 sts. and 18 rows to two inches

The slotted sweater, designed in Paris . . . buttoned ribbons at

neck and wrists match the skirt and

transform separates into a complete outfit

The jumper is worked throughout in a twisted rib thus : p. 6, k. 6 into backs of sts. ; rep. to end of row. **2nd row.**—P. 6, k. 6 ; rep. to end of row.

THE FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 128 (136, 144) sts. Work in the twist rib stitch, beg. with k. 1 (k. 5, p. 3) in order to bring a p. rib to the centre. Work for 1¼ ins., then dec. 1 st. at each end every ¾ in. 4 times, then every ¼ in. 3 times. When work measures 5¼ ins. inc. 1 st. at each end every ¾ in. 10 times.

When work measures 13½ ins., shape armholes. Cast off at beg. of next and following rows 6 sts. twice, 3 sts. 4 times, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 106 sts. remain. When armhole measures 4 ins., inc. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 5 times.

When work measures 20½ ins., shape neck. Cast off the 12 centre sts. and finish each side separately. At centre edge cast off 2 sts. twice and 1 st. 7 times and, when armhole measures 7¼ ins., shape shoulder by casting off at outside edge 5 sts. 7 times and 6 sts. once. Work the other side to correspond.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 116 (124, 132) sts. Work in the twist rib stitch, beg. with p. 1 (p. 5, k. 3). Work for 1¼ ins., then dec. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 3 times, then every ¼ in. 5 times. When work measures 5¼ ins., inc. 1 st. at each end every ½ in. 11 times.

When work measures 13½ ins. shape armholes. Cast off at beg. of next and following rows 4 sts. twice, 2 sts. twice, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 106 sts. remain. When work measures 14¾ ins., divide the work into two halves for the placket opening and finish each side separately. Cast on 2 sts. at centre edge for a hem and work on until armhole measures 4 ins. then inc. 1 st. at outside edge every ¾ in. 4 times.

When armhole measures 7¼ ins. cast off at armhole edge 5 sts. 6 times. At this point, while continuing to cast off 5 sts. each time at armhole edge, cast off at neck edge 10 sts. once and 4 sts. twice. Work the other side to correspond, casting on 2 sts. at centre edge for a hem.

THE RIGHT SLEEVE

Begin at the bottom. With No. 11 needles cast on 60 (*Continued on page 72*)

And Afterwards at ....

In the time-honoured wording invite your guests to partake of a wedding cake of your own making . . . by JANET DARBY

ALTHOUGH the wedding cake is an immutable part of the bridal tradition, like orange blossom and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," there is no law against making it yourself. In fact, if you accept the principle of the home-made wedding cake, the advantages are obvious . . . it will be a cake that your guests will enjoy, which is more than can be said of many wedding cakes I have tasted . . . and you can work out your own ideas about the decorations if you wish, something individual yet within the traditional theme like the cake opposite, adorned with royal icing and real flowers.

Given patience, the cake itself isn't difficult, and the icing is no harder to do than the usual Christmas or birthday cake. A little practice with the icing pump and the various patterns of tubes will leave you quite confident.

The cake mixture is exceptionally rich, and it is advisable to make it well before it is wanted—a month before if you can manage it—so that it has time to mature. The quantities given are for a three-tier cake. The three cakes can be placed one on top of the other or separated by small plinths. These plinths and the traditional wedding cake decorations can be bought or hired from a good confectioner or baker. (*Continued on page* 76)

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

CUSHENDUN, a gem in Ulster's regalia: *by Ronald Lampi*

They've minds of their own in Northern Ireland

ULSTER—captivating land of ancient legend and living glory, serene with (as Longfellow said) that 'sweet look that Nature wears'. A land destined to produce and nurture a people of quickened wit, true and unstinted hospitality, unshakable common sense, and staunch loyalty to tradition and friends.

Since the days of the Giants, the people of Ulster have proved that they know well how many beans make five. Equally important, they make sure they get the full five—all good. That is why the little red Brooke Bond vans, with their stocks of fresh tea, are so warmly welcomed in the towns, villages and hamlets of Northern Ireland. The Brooke Bond salesmen give grocers regular and friendly service.

* * *

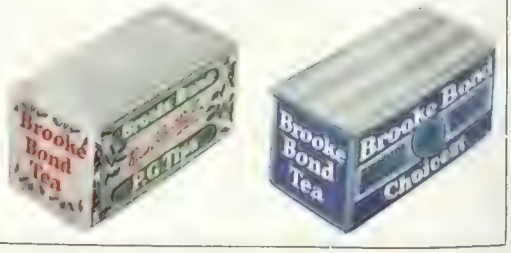
Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens—more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world—with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond

good tea-and FRESH!

We *specially* recommend



Britannia and Eve's 8-Page Guide to those

IN SEARCH OF BEAUTY

There is no simple recipe for acquiring the elusive qualities that make a woman—whatever her age—beautiful. The sparkle in the eye is in the province of the make-up artist .... and the psychologist. A glowing skin is the concern of the beauty specialist .... and the doctor. Our three-way approach—æsthetic, psychological and practical—to the subject, set out in the following pages, shows you how to look beautiful .... feel beautiful .... be beautiful ....

The Gay Deceiver

WHAT is beauty? Is it a perfectly-shaped nose or a sparkle in the eye? Is it an elegant figure or the warmth of a smile?

Beauty is in many things, and more important than a classical profile or good looks in the conventional sense, is the will to be beautiful. No success in any sphere of life is won without effort and here is no exception. To achieve beauty is not as hard as you may think . . .

Don't throw up your hands and say, "I have a bad complexion!" Complexions, thanks to modern beauty culture, can be improved. Don't despair over your figure. You can do something to improve it. The art of make-up can be learnt; a dress sense can be cultivated. All these are aspects of beauty.

The woman whom the French extol as *la belle laide* . . . the beautiful ugly . . . is a lesson to us all. She is the gay deceiver, who by elegance, taste and art makes the world believe she is a beautiful woman, because she acts like one.

Beauty is like a perfume. It cannot be analysed or pinned down . . . it is fleeting, evocative . . . yet the result of deliberate calculation. The choice of a perfume, like the pursuit of beauty, is an æsthetic adventure, for among the lovely fragrances of the world, the subtle overtones of *Moment Supreme* or *Noa Noa*, the freshness of *Bois des Iles*, the tang of *Mink*, there is one which will reflect, better than all the rest, the nuances of your personality. A perfume, like the illusion of beauty itself, should appear effortless and uncalculated, whatever the hours of thought and trouble went into its selection.

For Beauty's Sake Relax

The strains and stresses of modern life can ravage the most lovely of faces. Here a psychologist discusses the problem of nervous tension in relation to your health and your appearance

MUCH has been said about the " stress of modern life," less about what can be done to combat the bad effects of living under a constant strain—both from the point of view of health in general and, particularly as far as women are concerned, from the point of view of the havoc that emotional strain can wreak upon their features. Tranquillity of mind is essential for the perfect balance of health, and as health and beauty are closely linked, it follows that tranquillity of mind is essential for beauty, too.

Anxiety, poor adjustment to circumstances and antagonisms can create tensions which disturb both nervous system and physical make-up, and leave their mark on the face and the figure. Worriers can both lose and gain too much weight. Often the stout man or woman is highly tense, and seeks compensation for anxiety by eating and drinking too much, thus adding the problems of unhealthy obesity to nervous disturbances.

In the same way, worry and anxiety can keep weight below the standard necessary for health and foster chronic dyspeptic conditions which again add to nervous tension.

Many women rush to buy " nerve tonics " when they are feeling frazzled by life and edgy with everyone. But indiscriminate trial of assorted nerve remedies is not a good idea and they should only be taken on the recommendation of a doctor. Sometimes a " tonic " is just the very thing you should not have —your system might be requiring something to slow down the tempo, not to rev it up. The same argument goes for sedatives, which again should not be taken unless by a doctor's orders. Sedatives and tonics are a first-aid measure to improve the general condition while the cause of nervous tension or sleeplessness is investigated, not a cure in themselves.

One way of overcoming a state of nervous tension is to learn to relax. Too many people rush around, with diaphragms taut, shoulders rigid, faces screwed into frowns and grimaces, wasting precious energy.

IS it possible to train oneself to relax ? Of course it is. One method is to practise relaxing the small muscles of the body, first. One hand, for instance, beginning with the fingers, then the hand, then the arm and shoulder, and so on in every limb. The old remedy for pre-interview nerves—take a few, deep, slow breaths—will help to relax the diaphragm, that mysterious muscle which divides the thorax from the abdomen and seems to play an active part in mental and physical wellbeing. Women, particularly those who want to stay unlined, should cultivate relaxation of the face muscles, first the brow, then the cheeks, then the mouth and so on. No one can expect a completely worry-free life, but a calm, relaxed approach to your problems will take the least toll of your health and appearance.

Inner Secrets

What are the general health factors involved in a beautiful skin? Will blood cleansing tonics help to clear spots? These are questions answered by Dr. A. J. Dalzell Ward

Q. *Is a tendency to spots due to a general health condition or a local infection of the skin itself?*

A. It is a mistake to regard all external skin blemishes as an indication of general health. Spots on the skin can be of two kinds. One type of spot is caused by local infections where germs, normally on the surface, get accidentally rubbed in. For these spots, a local antiseptic treatment is indicated. In the other category, spots are due to nettlerash which is an individual sensitivity to irritants, mainly external, but in some cases caused by certain foods.

It is a mistaken belief that " blood cleansing tonics " are effective in clearing up spots. There are no such things. There are no " impurities " in the blood other than those arising from normal metabolic processes, which are dealt with by the automatic mechanism provided by the kidneys, lungs and chemical constitution of the blood.

Q. *What is the latest medical approach to the problem of adolescent acne?*

A. Acne, one of the most common afflictions of adolescence, is less prevalent these days. One reason for this is the great improvement in standards of personal hygiene in recent years, for many of the most disastrous and scarring aspects of acne are due to secondary infection. It is recognised to-day that the cause of this complaint is associated with an increased activity of the sebaceous glands of the skin, those glands which produce an oily substance which normally lubricates the surface of the skin. The general glandular changes which turn the body of a child into adult man or womanhood are caused by the stimulation of these glands. But there is probably an individual sensitivity because all adolescents do not suffer from this disease.

There is an inflammatory process surrounding the sebaceous glands, and the characteristic lesion, the blackhead, is not due to dirt, but to a degeneration of horny outer cells of the skin which form into a little plug. Secondary infection by other germs on the surface of this will cause abscess formation. It is suggested that a very high carbohydrate diet may be an aggravating factor, and youngsters do best on a diet high in protein, but low in carbohydrate. Vitamin A and Vitamin B1 are valuable aids to treatment.

Q. *Is there an association between general health and dark rings and puffiness round the eyes?*

A. Dark rings under the eyes are seen in stages of fatigue, due to loss of tone in muscles surrounding the eyes. The dark colour is partly the natural pigment which is normally obscured by blood circulation, and partly due to congestion of the circulation. The answer is more rest. Puffiness round the eyes can also result from congestion caused by sleeping badly, but as it is also seen in certain general conditions, consult your doctor if it does not disappear with rest.

Preserving Beauty

Complexion troubles can be improved, and some cases completely cured by facial massage. In this article, a Mayfair Beauty Specialist tells you how and why

DURING the course of a long career as a beauty specialist, I frequently meet middle-aged women who boast that they "have never had a face massage in their lives." When I note the sagging jaw line, the general droop of the facial muscles, the once beautiful skin turned sallow and coarsened, I am tempted to retort, "I can see that, Madame!"

Now, why do so many smart, well-dressed Englishwomen who have their hair styled every week, shy at regular visits to a reputable beauty salon? American and Continental women in similar financial circumstances look on beauty treatment as an absolute necessity, with the result that many of them retain their beauty well into middle life and, as in the case of several celebrities, are found to be more attractive than girls half their age. I have come to the conclusion that English girls, with their naturally good skins, just do not think it is necessary to do more than rub in a little cream occasionally and that beauty parlours are for the "aged" only. As a consequence, there is an imperceptible deterioration in their skins over the years, which is not gravely noticeable until it is too late.

Because of this all-too-prevalent attitude, I would like to explain why I consider regular professional face and neck massage of such importance for women *of all ages.*

FIRSTLY, face and neck massage keeps the muscles toned; secondly, massage helps to stimulate the skin and to preserve its suppleness. But massage which will *effectively* achieve these results can only be given by a masseuse who has been specially trained and who knows exactly what to do and how to do it.

Muscles begin to lose their elasticity in the late twenties. A muscle is like a piece of elastic and as the years pass, it slowly (*Continued on page* 80)

Presenting Beauty

George Claff, who has had twenty years' experience as a film make-up artist, finds each woman different . . . intriguing . . . just because she is herself. Here he tells you how to use make-up to capture that most elusive quality of all . . . your own personality

WHEN you consider that every face is composed of two eyes, nose and a mouth, within the framework of jaw and brow lines, it is incredible that literally no two faces are identical. That is why, as a make-up artist, I find women's faces so intriguing. Every woman is different —just by being herself. Make-up should aim at making the most of this elusive quality.

Because of the limitations of colouring, features and bone structure, faces fall into well-defined categories and unless a woman learns to see herself as objectively as a make-up artist would see her, she is inclined to " type " herself to the extent of losing her individuality.

Certain basic rules, of course, must be followed, because the whole art of make-up is based on them. The most important is the complexion colour type. You are born with certain skin and hair colouring : this dictates your complexion type, *i.e.*, brunette, blonde, redhead and " brownette," each category sub-divided into pale, ruddy or medium complexion. Your colour category will remain constant, even though you may change your hair colouring, until with the passing of the years, the complexion fades and sometimes darkens.

You will, therefore, always keep within your own colour group in your choice of make-up colours, but the methods of application will be adapted to enhance your own individuality.

THE most important function of make-up is to add colour to the skin and " bring the face to life." You can add a " glow " to your complexion by using a tinted foundation, and a rouge blended up close to the outer corners of the eyes. A pale or sallow skin can be made radiant with a warm, pinky-toned foundation and powder. If your natural colour is good, however, you can use an invisible foundation and a face powder to lighten and clarify the skin, rather than obscure it.

Then come accents on lips and eyes. As lighter colours tend to bring features into greater prominence by highlighting them, very pale toned lipsticks will tend to make the lips fuller. Bear this in mind when buying lipsticks. Harmonise the colour to your clothes, but choose a lighter or darker shade according to whether you want to make your mouth look larger or smaller.

The eyes are the most noticeable feature of the face, in that people watch your eyes when you speak. Eye make-up is, therefore, just as important —more so—than lipstick. In a complete make-up each feature must be evenly accented and therefore the eyes must be made-up to maintain the balance.

For a daytime make-up, eye-shadow colour should be chosen to bring out the colour of the eyes. Therefore, for grey, green, blue or hazel eyes, choose grey eye-shadow, and for brown or black eyes, brown eye-shadow. For evening, green or blue eye-shadow is more glamorous, as all make-up can be stronger. For deep-set eyes, the eye-shadow should be applied at the outer end of the eye only and blended up on to the prominent brow bone, so that it shadows the bone and therefore gives the illusion of bringing out the eye. With up-tilted eyes, the eye-shadow goes lightly over the eyelid and is blended with an upward and outward movement towards the eyebrow. If your eyes are rather too closely set, apply the eye-shadow over the eyelid from about one-third of the way along the lid from the inner corner and blend it lightly so that it reaches a little beyond the outer corner and upwards until it disappears at the eyebrow.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Your Hair Dictates the Style

Is your hair coarse or fine? Mousey or just difficult to style because it won't take a perm or frizzes with the lightest of them? Hair may be temperamental, but here is proof that no hair is impossible . . .

ASKED what could be done to coax a recalcitrant head of hair into a becoming hair style, five of London's leading hair stylists all gave the same answer . . . style the hair according to the hair type. . . Your hair category is somewhere on this page . . . find it and see what the hair stylist recommends for you. If you think that he has given you the answer to your hair problem, turn to page 80 for further details . . .

GREY HAIR . . . has quite deliberately been omitted, as greyness does not itself constitute a problem so far as styling is concerned. Grey hair can be as easily and attractively styled as brown or blonde . . . anyway, from the aesthetic point of view, there is no argument, these days, against dyeing it. The range of shades is miraculously near to nature's own gamut, and hair can even be *dyed to a mousey brown*, if you were born mousey and want to stay that way.

But dyed hair does need a more careful day-to-day routine if it is to continue looking natural. The shampoo should always be a cream or conditioning one, and if dandruff develops, don't experiment with all and every anti-dandruff shampoo on the market, but consult a trichologist and follow his recommendation. Always protect the hair from strong sunlight and use a little cream hair conditioner every day.

COARSE HAIR . . . styled on the left by Dumas. This strong hair was first razored to take out a certain amount of thickness—it took two separate cuttings to get the desired sleek smooth line—and then club cut at the ends to give the shape to the head. Cutting, says Dumas, is all important for all hair types, but particularly in this case where thinning and shaping are the only successful ways of controlling strong, thick hair. To obtain a sheen and keep the hair supple, wash it with an oil base shampoo and set with a setting cream or conditioning cream . . .

DIFFICULT HAIR . . . because too light a perm falls out quickly, too strong a perm goes frizzy. The solution, says Scott of Regent Street, is a " perm season ticket." For 12 gns. a year you can have a gentle perm whenever the hair needs it. Then you could wear this manageable style. Toplocks are set up and back on four rollers to give large, loose curls—small roly-polies of cotton wool will do for the home set—which are brushed back or forward as you like. A versatile style this—and easy to manage—featuring today's fashion trend towards a longer, smoother line with large curls and deep waves.

PERM-RESISTANT HAIR . . . the problem of the hair which " won't take a perm " is solved by Vasco by cutting the hair very short all over. If the hair is short, says Vasco, and cut correctly, it will curve into place without elaborate pinning up. In Vasco's style, shown above, the hair was cut 1½ ins. to 2 ins. all round the face. The top hair was curled up and back (very easy to pin curl this into place at night if necessary), the side hair waved loosely backwards, the short back hair brushed upwards to stay in half-curls at the neck.

MOUSEY HAIR . . . completely transformed, above, into a more than usually attractive head by Steiner, who this spring has been claimed as " Golden Boy of British Haute Coiffure " by the Paris smartset. This is Steiner's new S-line coiffure, based on loosely formed curls that break into waves, highlighted with Starmist spray-on colour. Spray-on colour is an idea that can be used on almost any style with equal effect . . . blonde wings at the temples . . . Titian lights . . . Just spray it where and when you want it . . . brush it out when you wish . . .

FINE HAIR . . . above, styled by Mr. Roy using the Richard Henry technique. Cutting again is important here, this time to give the hair added bulk. Mr. Roy advises club cutting—this is cutting straight across the ends, as against tapering—and will always create a style with movement rather than curls, as this type of hair does not hold the curl well. Roller setting, to lift the hair, gives an illusion of increased bulk. As for home care, avoid harsh de-greasing shampoos, however greasy the hair is, and use one with a conditioning or soap base . . .

The Practical Approach **5** Beauty Problems Answered

Any Questions?

Enlarged pores . . . can appear on all types of skin, oily, dry or sensitive, and each type needs a rather different treatment. Basically, enlarged pores indicate that the deeper layer of the skin where the oil glands and the blood vessels lie, is in a sluggish state and must be stimulated with massage. First, then, tackle enlarged pores with stimulating massage; then you can apply skin-toning preparations, according to your individual skin type. In the case of oily or normal skins, use an astringent; for dry skins, use a milder skin tonic. But if your skin is sensitive—if there is any hint of veins-tone with cool water compresses . . .

Veins . . . appear only on the very fine skin and most often in the over-thirty-five age group. Once veins have appeared, there is only one treatment which will efface them, and that is not recommended in every case . . . electrolysis. Only a beauty specialist can say whether treatment will be effective in individual cases. This is a complexion problem for which you must take preventative measures *as soon as the veins begin to appear.* Avoid strong astringents, extremes of hot and cold water. Wear a protective make-up always, in the sun or in cold winds. There is some association between prominent veins and digestive upsets, so keep an eye on your diet . . .

Acid spots . . . hard white accretions under the skin which must not be confused with clogged pores. Acid spots are accumulations of chalky-like substance not in the pores, but actually in the skin tissues themselves. Don't attempt to remove the spots yourself . . . this can be done at certain beauty salons but your own amateur efforts will only result in damaging the surrounding tissues. The best treatment is to go on to an anti-acid diet and clear the spots *from the inside.* Take the juice of a lemon—with no sugar—in warm water every morning, eat salads and plenty of fruit, particularly of the citrus variety *without* sugar, cut down drastically on bread, buns and the like. Reduce the acidity in the system by this diet and the acid spots will gradually disperse, although it will take a few months of perseverance. In the meantime, use a tinted foundation . . .

Superfluous hair . . . not really a vexed question these days. How you will tackle the problem depends entirely on whether the growth is strong or light, on face or legs and arms. A few fine hairs on the upper lip, noticeable only because they are dark, can be bleached into obscurity with a bleaching solution of 1 drop of ammonia added to 20 drops of peroxide. The ammonia should be .880 strength, the peroxide 20 vol. strength. A heavier growth on lip or chin can be tackled in one of two ways. The only permanent method of removal is by electrolysis, but this must be done by a trained operator. There are centres for this treatment all over the country, so write to me for the address of your local salon. As an alternative, the hair can be removed by waxing, but this is only a temporary measure. Done correctly, waxing can discourage the regrowth, but go to a beauty salon once, if you can, to see how it should be done . . .

Breaking finger nails . . . in bad cases, there is usually a general health factor involved. Try a course of a vitamin and mineral preparation, though frankly it will be a long, long time before the good effects will show themselves. For quicker results, apply a nail-feeding cream to nail and cuticle at night, and take the purely practical expedient of keeping the nails short for the time being and protecting them by wearing gloves for working where ever you can. If you wear nail varnish, use an oily or cream type remover . . .

Fluff on the arms and legs, you can treat in three ways. If it is not too heavy, the hairs can be bleached. If the growth is too strong for successful bleaching, shaving does no harm, but the disadvantage is that it has to be done rather frequently. You can use an abrasive glove or stone, instead of a razor as a slightly daintier alternative. Finally, waxing will leave the arms or legs smooth and although it is not permanent, many women find that one application will see them well groomed in sports clothes throughout the stockingless days of summer . . .

If your particular beauty problem has not been answered here, write for advice, enclosing a stamped envelope, to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, W.C.2

"To see what the other half is wearing . . ."

Journey to a new world

IT is most interesting for a couturier —I use the term in a strict sense of comparison between the creative designer and the wholesale copiest—to see and know what the "other half of the world" is buying and wearing. By "the other half" I mean the great majority who buy ready-made clothes.

A London couturier can easily become insular in his outlook, because once the couture seasons start, his life is restricted to the daily presentation of his collection to customers and to discussing their personal requirements and problems. There is little escape from this daily routine, except at weekends and not always then.

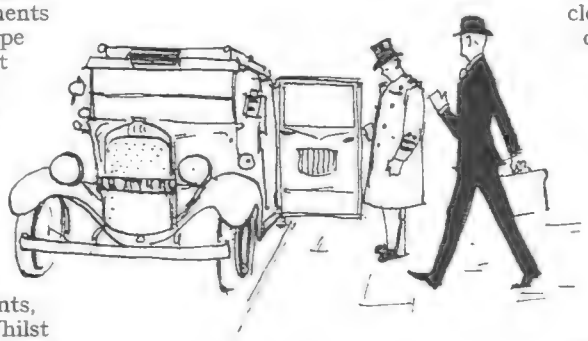
A very great number of the clothes made by a couture house, are designed to be worn in a social world. Many are for functions which the average woman has no opportunity to attend, or are made to be worn at smart town or country gatherings; race meetings, point-to-points, and weekend house parties. Whilst these clothes if they are good are never ostentatious, they are not the clothes that will fit into the practical down-to-earth routine which the great majority of women follow, though they are the prototypes from which fashion and style for future off-the-peg clothes are derived.

In the last few weeks I have been rushing from place to place where I have been privileged to visit some of our great provincial stores. Many of them have risen like the Phoenix from the ashes of blitzed towns and are now masterpieces of modern design, as full of light and sunshine as I imagine the Crystal Palace must have been in its youth. They proclaim the progressive spirit of the nation's store managements, whether they are great companies or private owners.

The opportunity to visit these fine shops came to me because we have been showing the first collection of suits and top coats produced in the wholesale manner, which I have designed for Valesta, a new and sister company of the large rainwear firm Valstar.

At the moment, I am in the midst of designing some gay and, I hope, glamorous raincoats to brighten the streets next autumn, for they will be on sale in the shops by that time.

I was delighted by the invitation to design these clothes, for it has given me the chance to think and design, in terms of a far wider public than I have reached in the past. The enterprise may even be world-wide as exporting has already started.



"Rushing from place to place"

THIS is a new world to me, and it astonishes me to find it is possible to offer such a combination of values in quality of cloth, colours and high standards of finish as this wholesale work is able to produce. Prices meet the needs of every income level and increasing production promises that these clothes will soon be within the reach of everybody. In my tour of the big towns it gave me great satisfaction to see the enormous interest audiences showed in their clothes and how very much aware they were of fashion trends. Questions put to me after the shows were very much to the point.

It was flattering to have such large audiences. In Southampton the large and fine new Guild Hall was packed twice which was quite amazing as I believe it holds something like 1,500 people. The second show of the day, held in the early evening, brought many young women straight from their work. Their enthusiasm gave me pins and needles such as I imagine a stage star feels on a successful First Night.

It was exciting to meet this my newest public and to assess their tastes and preoccupations about clothes. Their interest was never in doubt. They knew what they wanted and, what is more, they knew what their husbands and boy friends wanted for them. This is a very pertinent point and a designer must never forget that the men behind the scenes have a dominant say in What Will Be Worn.

But my tour leaves me with one very strong impression of my audiences and their clothes. It is that they are sadly conservative in the uses of colour. I wonder why? When colour is so important to morale in our rather grey climate cannot we have more of it? Less of the (*Continued on page* 78)

"Exciting to assess their tastes"

For Her

For

Shopping

by Margaret Sharp

1 For her trousseau : Nylon nightdress, charmingly feminine with nylon brocade ribbon and nylon net trimming, by Kayser Bondor, 75s. Rows of lace trim the sheer white nylon half-slip and ballerina-type panties from Harrods, £7 5s. White quilted slippers with fluff trim from London Boot Co., Oxford Street, 18s. 11d.

2 For her dressing-table : Pin tray clock in petit point and gold filigree, 59s. 6d., matching powder bowl 42s. and make-up mirror, 49s. 6d. From Marshall and Snelgrove Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1

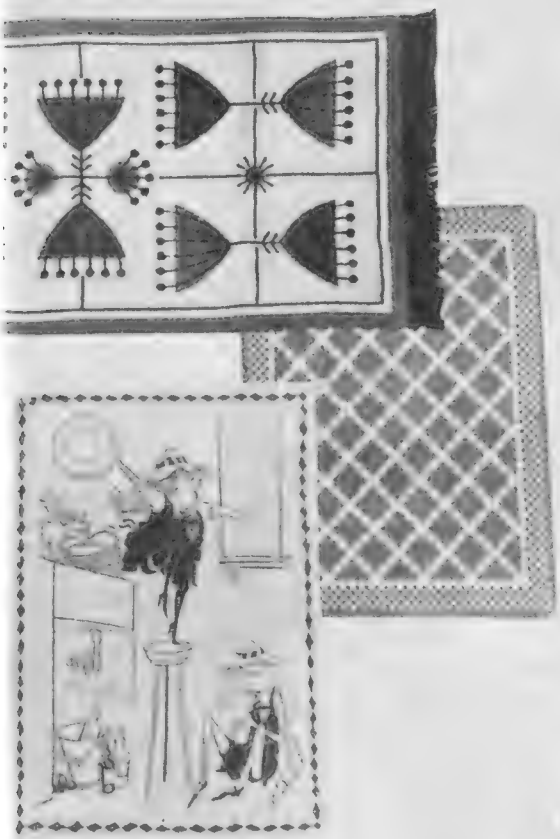
3 For going away : Blue hide train case with fitted section for cosmetics plus ample room for overnight travelling essentials. Liberty's, Regent St. London, Leather Department, £10 3s. 6d.

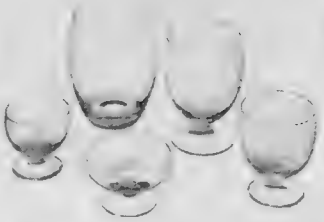
4 For her bottom drawer : Vantona bath towels in striking contemporary design, Peter Jones, approx. 27s. 6d. each. Candlewick bathmat, pretty and water absorbent, approx. 30s. from Robinson and Cleaver. Ronald Searle tea towels, from John Lewis, 9s. 6d. a pair

5 Pyrex harlequin set of mixing bowls, in green, blue and yellow, each colour a different size. Unbreakable in the oven and decorative on the shelf, 24s. 3d. from Selfridges, Oxford Street

6 Nylon overall which doesn't need ironing and dries in a matter of minutes. In white, green, pink or ruby, with short sleeves, 69s. 11d., or long sleeves, 74s. 11d. By postal order from Hardy and Webster, Dewsbury Road, Leeds, postage 1s. 9d. extra. Pieces from the "Ovenex" carry-home pack containing all the bride's baking-tin needs. John Lewis shops everywhere, or Barbers of London, 22s. 6d.

Her Home





7 Leerdam stack glasses, designed so that five glasses fit into one for easy storage, from Heals, 27s. 9d. each set, plus postage

8 The bride's kitchen utensil pack from Froys of Hammersmith, London, containing all the essential pans and gadgets to equip a modest kitchen, £4 19s. 6d.

On Margaret Sharp's shopping page in the April issue, the name of the establishment where Clarks Woodpecker sandals can be obtained should have read, Peter Yapp of Knightsbridge, London

Mrs. Jean Bullock, former model and now Hampstead housewife is solving her family motoring problems by disposing of two cars and buying an all-purpose medium-price car—a Sunbeam

Countrywoman Mrs. Betty Deane says, "We need a miracle car." Her choice (above) a Morris Minor Travellers' car. Career woman Mrs. Gaby Schreider (below) leads an exacting life, chooses Jaguar

Three women in search of a Car

BROADLY speaking the world of women motorists is divided into four types—the career woman, the suburban housewife, the countrywoman and the wife who borrows her husband's! Each in her own way is a V.I.P. in the eyes of motoring manufacturers. For the car that suits the smart town woman is a very different buy from a countrywoman's choice. And money is one of the least factors in the sales talk she'll listen to.

I sought the advice of three intelligent women friends who all had plenty to say on the sort of car they want. True, at the moment, they all own cars bought during the post war period when we were lucky to take what we got. But now that production has settled down in the industry and the car market is more flexible they are all changing their cars for the exact model to suit their needs.

First the career woman. I chose Mrs. Gaby Schreiber, a leading woman interior designer. She has about as full a life as any woman I know. She takes an active interest in running her town flat in Eaton Square, controls a London office with a staff of over twenty, averages about 350 miles a week travelling between her various jobs and spends the week-ends gardening and entertaining at her country home at Mayfield in Sussex.

With her burnt sugar hair, lustrous brown eyes and extraordinary orchid-like hands Gaby Schreiber looks and is a 100 per cent feminine career woman. But there it stops. Her mind has the precision of a man.

I wonder how many R.A.F. pilots during the war realized that the plastic food trays they used had been designed by a glamour girl? Anyway, the knowledge she gained then is now applied in her work as an architectural and colour consultant for factories, offices, research stations, canteens and department stores.

It is a hectic, exacting life with every day streamlined down to the last ten minutes. She demands and needs first class service from all her equipment——and this includes her car.

There is very little, too, that Mrs. Schreiber does not know about driving. She learnt as a toddler sitting on the chauffeur's knee and had her first car at eighteen. "I like to drive carefully but fast. In England on a clear road I cruise at sixty but on the Continental autobahns I like to open up to ninety, if the car is suitable."

Up till now she has owned several different makes of car, all of which served their purpose at the time. But now she is changing to a Jaguar. She feels that the cost at *(Continued on page 78)*

What a heavenly sensation!

The wonderful welcome, after your bath,
of the towel with the luxury feel!
So soft and absorbent. So quick to dry.
So dry to feel. So gay to see. So long to last.
Look for the name "IBIS" on the blue bow.

IBIS

TOWELS WITH THE LUXURY FEEL

J SMITH HARGREAVES & CO LTD Leading makers of Terry Towels for over 60 years

Savoury Snacks

Cheese Pastry

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain or self-raising flour. 2 oz. Stork Margarine. 3 oz. (6 heaped tablespoons) grated cheese. 1 tablespoon egg yolk, Pinch of salt, pepper and cayenne.

Toppings

Sliced cheese, ham, liver sausage, tinned meat, etc. Fish or meat paste, chutney, mustard, sweet pickle, etc., to spread.

Garnishings

Sliced tomato, sliced radishes, or radish "roses", sliced gherkins, stuffed olives, or black olives, or pickled walnuts, parsley or watercress.

Sieve the flour, salt, pepper and cayenne together, rub in the Stork and stir in the cheese. Mix with the egg yolk, form into a ball, roll out thinly, and cut into fancy shapes with pastry cutters (rounds, squares, hearts, diamonds, etc.). Brush with remaining egg yolk, place on a baking sheet and bake for 15-20 minutes in a moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4: 360°F.) on the second shelf from the top. Cool.

To Finish. With cutters, or sharp knife cut out or spread toppings to shape of pastries (see illustrations). Coat undersides of whichever topping is used with sweet pickle, mustard, etc. Press gently down on pastry bases and decorate tops with garnishings as illustrated. Makes approximately 20-25 pastries.

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

Sugar Cookies*

Friends coming in for the evening? Be sure you have plenty of these savouries and sweet biscuits to nibble as you talk! Make them with Stork Margarine, and spread with whatever toppings you fancy. A plateful of each on the table will turn an ordinary evening into a festive occasion!

Shortbread Ingredients

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain flour
2 oz. (2 heaped tablespoons) ground rice } **or 6 oz. plain flour**
4 oz. Stork Margarine
2 oz. (2 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar
Finely grated orange or lemon rind (optional)

Toppings

Jam, honey, lemon or orange curd, chocolate spread.

Decorations

Sliced jelly sweets, dragees, nuts, desiccated coconut, etc.

Sieve the flour and ground rice, if used; rub in the Stork, stir in sugar and grated rind, then knead and press together to form a ball. Roll out thinly, cut into fancy shapes with pastry cutters (rounds, diamonds, heart shapes, etc.). Place on a baking sheet, and bake for 20-25 minutes in a very moderate oven (Regulo Mark 3: 335°F.) on the third shelf from the top. Cool on a wire tray. When cold, coat with toppings and decorate as illustrated.

Makes approximately 16 biscuits

Stork Margarine
Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

JSC 416-692-133

Watch Your Bill!

The cost of living is bad enough, don't throw money away for the want of keeping a watchful eye on weights and prices

By PETER RAY

IN times of such costly living how much of the housekeeping slips through our fingers, I wonder, because we are slack in our shopping about weights, measures and prices charged? It could be a lot, and this is not a general indictment of shopkeepers, who include as many honest people among them as any other section of the community.

But think first of prices. There are no longer any controls (except on bread, milk and potatoes). The shopkeeper can charge you what he likes which, when all is said, is what you are willing to pay. This puts the housewife in a stronger position than she realizes. By shopping next door where the charge is lower and not tamely paying the prices asked, we can force the shopkeepers' hand—collectively speaking.

The hangover from wartime when the shopper appeared to have no defence persists. Housewives wring their hands about rising prices and allow them to go unchallenged. The same applies to errors of weight and price, too, which can be very costly when they are added together.

Many tradesmen are eager to satisfy and abhor sharp practices, but the easy-going shopper is far too easily exploited by the unscrupulous. Carping criticism of an honest trader would and should offend him, but a firm display of a clear intention to be served with the correct weight at the right price is salutary in the doubtful shop and can give no offence anywhere.

About weights: Even the busiest trader has no excuse for assessing the price of goods before the pointer of the scales has stopped moving. "Snatching" the goods from the scale and guessing the price to their own advantage is an old failing. It is up to the customer to watch for it and stop it.

Scales on the far side of the shop; those with advertisements hung over the chart or those obscured with cartons should be suspect. Nevertheless, it is only the customer who can satisfy herself whether or not these are dodges to defraud. Only butchers, and by implication, sellers of bread are required *by law* to put their scales where the customer can see them properly.

Meat, if the customer has not seen it weighed, must, when it is delivered, be accompanied by a statement of the net weight on which the purchase price is based. If the meat has been trimmed or boned at the request of the customer and the bones or trimmings are not sent with the meat, then the net weight actually delivered must be shown.

It is a wise move, either at the butcher's or at the grocer's to insist upon a written bill, so that you can check prices. This business of totting up the items from a pile on the counter and announcing the total long before you, the customer, have caught up with the sum leaves far too many loopholes. Shop assistants may have no intention to defraud, but they are sometimes careless and seldom infallible about prices, of which there are hundreds to remember. A written bill is the only safe check.

YOU may know and watch the prices of the everyday purchases like butter, bacon, cereals, and so on, but when it comes to the rarer needs like pepper, icing sugar, flavourings, dried fruits, can you depend on remembering their prices? I doubt it. This is where you can be caught.

The one-pound and the two-pound loaf were reduced in 1946 to fourteen ounces and one-and-three-quarter pounds respectively and still must be those weights. Bread is one of the few commodities which the purchaser can legally demand to have reweighed in the (*Continued on page 79*)

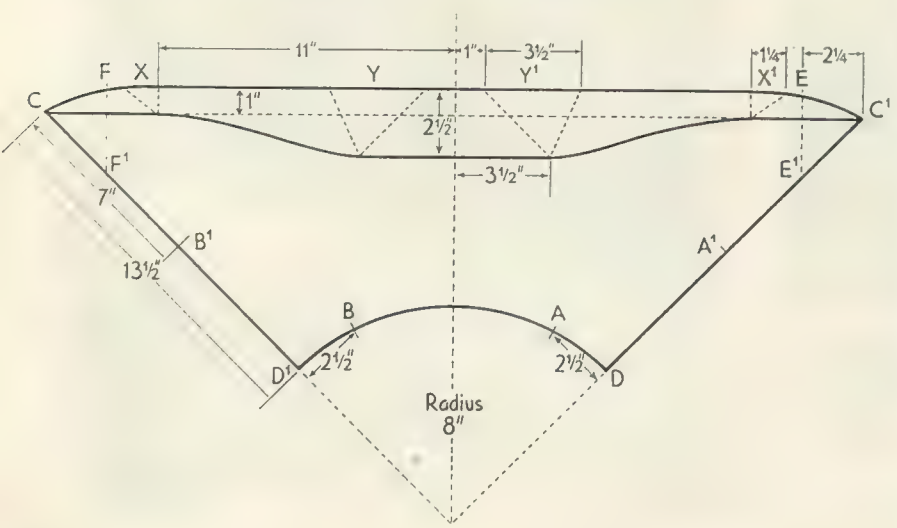
CRISP IN POPLIN

Make this French model hat to match a cotton dress, or in striped poplin to wear with a summer suit

FOR this hat you will need ¾ yd. of 36-in. striped poplin and the same amount of sparta. The hat itself is cut from half this material, folded cornerwise on the bias, so that the other half can be used to make a cravat.

Cut out the pattern first in stiff paper. Then cut out in both the material and the sparta making sure it is on the true bias of the material. The simplest way of doing this is to have the line C¹ D on or parallel to the selvedge. With wrong sides together and making a ½-in. seam, join sparta and material together along C¹ D, D D¹ and D¹ C. Turn right side out and press. Cut darts X, X¹, Y and Y¹, turn front edge back to inner line of the pattern and neaten inside.

To assemble the hat, turn back the wing pieces and attach with a few light stitches A and A¹, B and B¹. Turn back again and attach at points D and D¹. Seam the wing pieces together at E E¹ and F F¹ to form centre back seam. Neaten the inside of the hat with a lining or petersham hat band.



Buy Yourself A Dress

(*Continued from page 12*)

ten years of marriage: when Sammy was born . . . when Big Sam was away in the Army . . . when Peter came along as their postwar baby. And now here was a mirror, truthful, impersonal, but her face had either changed through those years or she had forgotten what it once looked like, for it was a stranger who gazed back at her.

"I once knew what sort of person I wanted to be," she murmured. But now she was not even sure what sort of person she had become.

Like a goldfish slitting the surface of a pool, the idea of a red dress rose again to pique her fancy. There was, or could be, a creativeness in buying. With a red dress, the right one, she could chalk in with fresh, bold lines the beginning of a re-identification of herself——

She frowned and shook her head, turning from the mirror, from temptation.

She wouldn't bother to drive, she decided. The walk to the bus would do her good. Enjoy the sun and the blue sky, she admonished herself. Enjoy the fact that you are nice looking, even if you don't know who you are; that you have money to buy a fine dress if you want it. What good can you do the world by refusing the largesse of nature and your husband?

So for a little while she did enjoy the sun of the morning as she stood on the corner waiting for the bus to come. The old trees along Thorn Avenue were at the ultimate moment of their beauty. It was a day for a pilgrimage, a journey into the quiet heart of a fulfilled countryside. Suddenly she thought how simple it would be to go without a word to anyone, to leave off for a little while being wife to Sam and mother to Sammy and Peter, until, like the season, her self might reach a completed point, expand into what it essentially was——

But—she shifted her body weight from left foot to right—all relationships with others should, if they were sound, expand and not diminish the essential self, shouldn't they?

It was true, though: she could be happy with far less money if Sam spent more time at home, if Sam put her and the boys first instead of the business, if Sam——

But suppose Sam were an explorer, or had stayed in uniform? How often would she see him then? Could anyone call himself mature if his happiness depended on the conduct of another person?

And Sam was happy, regardless of what she did; the happiest man she'd ever known——

The bus shuddered to a stop with a gasp of brakes. She climbed in after three others. Matrons, housekeepers all. Probably each of them would return this afternoon with some article she did not need. And why not? Money surely was the cheapest thing a man had to give, and if he withheld himself why not cherish the financial substitute, be grateful for it?

But money wasn't Sam's god, she reminded herself involuntarily. It was only the material out of which he created, the way a potter juggles clay. Sam was really an artist, a financial artist——

It was incredible that Sam, the orphan and petitioner, had once humbly courted her in the high-ceilinged old living-room of her father's house in what had been for years the best section of town, saying, "I'm just a nobody and I don't know anything except how to earn a buck." Sam, so properly if unspecifically impressed with her philosophy and comparative literature and botany and zoology and music and art appreciation and a dabble in modern history, saying, "You could teach me a lot, Gail. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you if you married me."

Almost eleven years ago.

And now, Sam, as concentrated and undeviating and untroubled about himself and his destiny as a guided missile; and now she the nobody, scattered all over the place being a good mother and a conscientious worker in the sort of organizations Sam's wife should belong to. But (*Continued on page 66*)

Helena Rubinstein

DEFEATS THE FIRST 4 SIGNS OF AGE

THERE comes a morning in every woman's life when she looks in the mirror and realises with a shock that the bloom of youth is fading. Four areas, particularly, reveal the first ugly signs of age. Your eyes, your face, your throat, your elbows suddenly cry out for attention! Helena Rubinstein has wonderful preparations for such as you. Calculate your weaknesses; decide what you need and then start faithfully using the *right* preparation. Here are the obvious signs to look for. Don't let them rob *you* of beauty. Study our picture story. You can have the radiant loveliness that keeps you looking *years younger* . . . for years to come!

SAGGING FACIAL CONTOURS

There's an entirely new idea in beauty treatments to postpone the ageing, dragging-down of contours. Helena Rubinstein's CONTOUR-LIFT FILM — this 'invisible' beauty fluid — 'lifts', tones and tightens your facial contours. Contour-Lift Film works for you all the time — 24 hours a day! Your skin glows with a new firm freshness. You look years younger in a matter of days. Contour-Lift Film 30/-.

CROWSFEET AND PUFFY EYE AREAS

Follow faithfully this two-way treatment and *banish* crowsfeet, crepey eyelids, puffiness, that tired look! Helena Rubinstein's ANTI-WRINKLE LOTION stimulates the eye areas, smooths out unwanted wrinkles, wakens lazy circulation. Used with her YOUTHIFYING EYE CREAM, tiny age-revealing lines vanish. Your eyes look lovelier than you dared hope. Anti-Wrinkle Lotion 15/9. Youthifying Eye Cream 8/3.

ROUGH, WRINKLED ELBOWS

To regain the smooth, soft arms of youth, use Helena Rubinstein's VITAMIN-LANOLIN FORMULA — the modern vitamin liquid! *Vitamin A* corrects dryness, brings new beauty to the surface of your skin. *Lanolin* works below the surface to help replenish the important moisture that smooths out lines and wrinkles. In two sizes. Vitamin-Lanolin Formula 9/9 and special economy size 17/3.

CREPEY, LINED THROAT

Now you can actively help your throat to recapture its clear, fine, soft unlined texture. Helena Rubinstein's ESTROGENIC OIL gives your skin the help it needs, replenishing stolen oils and moisture and smoothing away wrinkles. Rich in hormones and penetrating vitamins, it literally vanishes into your skin, leaving no trace of oiliness. Estrogenic Oil, 27/-.

IMPORTANT!

Enhance your new-found loveliness with *the only face powder made of real silk!* Helena Rubinstein's *real* SILK FACE POWDER covers your face with a delicate veil of soft radiance — yet never cakes or clogs the pores. In nine lovely luminous shades, 10/6 — and *exciting economy!* — new standard-size refill for 7/6!

Helena Rubinstein, *3 Grafton Street, London W.1 Paris New York*

that was all. There wasn't a single thing she did that she could put to use if she had to make her own living, and in a level of society where success was measured in money a housewife who earned no money was nothing!

Some people say—and she gnawed gently at her lip—that a housewife does earn money: every penny that her husband gives her. But I don't earn that much, not nearly. Mrs. Jones cleans my house for me two days a week, Mrs. Bronson comes in to run all my expensive automatic laundry equipment every Tuesday. And if Sam and I weren't agreed that we want no stranger intruding on our privacies, there'd be a woman living with us to cook our meals and wash our dishes and leave me nothing to do except love my children—and is that a job?

The bus made a right turn into the centre of that mysterious district known as "Town" The Town Hall clock said ten-fifteen. And suddenly and astonishingly the dour-faced driver hollered, "End of the line! Shopping centre! Ladies' paradise!"

The joke heartened her. Somewhere between the IN and OUT of the revolving door of the department store she discovered that she was not going to stop on the fourth floor to look for a red dress.

She rode the wide escalator to the sixth floor household goods department and ordered her cleaning waxes and packaged cheesecloths and dusters. And down she came, past the furniture and rugs on her way to the second floor to hunt corduroy slacks for the boys. Just as she approached the fourth floor she saw the dress.

It was not red; it instantly dispelled all thoughts of red from her mind. It had a tiny bodice; and the skirt was a great frothing of black lace with more lace in a sweeping apron to one side.

She stepped off the escalator in a trance of wonder and desire. This was it! This dress said everything about herself that she wanted to be. It said, The woman who wears this is at home anywhere in the world; she knows herself intimately and respects herself.

You could dance in this dress, sit on the floor in it, be a peasant and a queen in it.

She touched the material. She lifted the price tag. It read seventy-five guineas. The size was hers.

She waited while the saleswoman went to call a window dresser to come and remove it from the dummy. She waited and prayed that it would not fit, that it would fit, that it would make her look sophisticated and primitive and as casually comfortably confident and focused as Sam looked in the red leather seat of his cream coupé.

The fit was perfect. But while she waited for the girl to box the dress she realized that she was getting a headache, a concentration of tension just behind her eyes. The lights pained her and her image in the mirror on the opposite wall was blurred around the edges.

THE telephone was ringing when she opened the front door. She dropped her bundles and ran to answer it. It was Sam.

"Are you all right? You didn't give yourself a headache?"

"No." she lied.

"Honey, you have the title for your car there in your desk, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I'm sending someone out right away to pick it up——"

She sat down, slowly, on the little chair beside the telephone stand. "You want to sell my car? You've got troubles again?"

He laughed. "Again? When haven't I got troubles down here? Name a Monday morning in the last six years when I haven't been at least twenty thousand overdrawn at the bank! I thrive on troubles."

"Yes, I know. I meant a crisis of some kind. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"It's not a crisis until it happens and I always play the chance it won't happen. Why should I worry you for nothing? Look, I'll tell you all about it when I get home. Just now I need all the quick cash I can get my hands on. You don't mind about the car, do you? I already sold mine this morning."

"I bought a dress," she said. "It cost seventy-five guineas."

"Is it pretty?" "It's the most beautiful dress I ever saw. I'm going to take it back tomorrow."

"Now listen here, you don't have to do a fool thing like that. I need thousands, not hundreds. You keep that dress, and don't worry!"

"But I do worry. I want to know how bad it is. I can let Mrs. Jones go, and the laundress too. I don't want you to think I'm not willing to take care of the house myself——"

"Now cut that out!" He sounded quite angry. "There's no reason for you to be a martyr. What good do you think it's going to do a business like mine to save thirty pounds a month on household expenses? When I can't afford that I'll be bankrupt!" More softly, he said, "I'll see you tomorrow, honey. I'll probably be down here all night."

"I expected you would."

"I'm really sorry about the car."

"It's all right. It's perfectly all right."

She rubbed her forehead slowly with her fist as she put the receiver down. Her head still ached, but it was no longer anything to bother about. What she had to contend with now was an almost savage joy that the cars, those symbols to him of his success, must go. She strode the length of the living room—thirty feet, it was—and halfway back she stopped and brought her fist to her mouth. No, she certainly was not naïve enough to imagine that he cared by one twinge whether the cars must go or not. If they must go, go, give him time enough and he would have them again—and lose them—and again have them, with no need of help from her in the trough of a wave.

The cars were not his but her symbol of his success. Scorning them she scorned him and his success; through this device she stripped naked all of her jealousy.

SHE sat down in the middle of the floor and stared at nothing. A man's love, they said, was only a part of his life, but love, they said, was a woman's whole existence. If that were so, then a woman did indeed beg for her own unhappiness, letting everything sway and teeter on the whether-or-nots of love, living only through the beloved, languishing when his need took him into his world of men.

Am I a parasite? She rocked on her haunches on the floor. An emotional parasite?

"For health's sake," she muttered, "to be decent and wholesome, a woman needs something of her own——" Not more than love, but other than. Needs not only to love but to labour and for a purpose, whatever purpose, as Sam labours. Needs to define herself through her labour so that, whether he comes home or not, whether he loves or not, whether even he dies or not, she can maintain her self-respecting self——

"But it would do no more good," she sat still now, "to fire Mrs. Jones and the laundress so I can labour with my hands, than it does to buy a dress or not buy a dress."

Something uniquely hers to do, that she liked to do, that would continue and progress, something that she had a talent for——

She had no talents. Except for raising dogs and she had no proof of that.

She looked at the dress box on the sofa. Seventy-five guineas. For only a few pounds she could buy another dog, a living creature!

She could buy a female dog, to mate with Lobo——

He barked in the garden. "My, he has the friendliest bark," Mrs. Jones always said.

She stood up and shrugged her coat off, in a dazed way, and went to the kitchen and put on the old cardigan with the yawning buttonholes. She opened the kitchen door and walked out on the terrace. Lobo gave greeting.

She'd get a pedigreed female from the same kennel where she had bought Lobo. It wasn't much as a beginning. Perhaps Lobo could never sire pups after his distemper.

Anyway, there was no room here to build a second run. Unless she pulled out all the hardy chrysanthemums and the lilacs and put them in at the front, by the drive——

A funny little hum of excitement began inside of her as she stepped off the terrace to inspect the possibilities.

END

NEXT MONTH

Making Life Easier

● Summer and winter the kitchen remains the centre of the home, the hub of all activity. Just now it's ice-cream you want? . . . Or a special mouth-watering dish for a hot evening? . . . Or a picnic sandwich mix in a hurry? . . . With the right equipment, catering for the family can be a pleasure. Our special fully-illustrated section will be a buyer's guide to all the latest kitchen equipment.

This poodle and also a Siamese cat to embroider in cross stitch. Full working instructions and a picture in colour in next month's issue

Home Goes Outdoors

● Once the peak of achievement in garden furniture was rustic wood with the bark still on. Now, other, newer ideas in wicker, metal, glass and cane lend interest and excitement to "living in the garden." We offer three pages of the latest ideas in garden furniture and accessories.

They Met In The Dark!

● She was young, and uncertain about the boy they said she would marry. . . . And in the darkness of a summer night there was a vibrant voice and a firm handclasp . . . but who was he, what did he look like?
You will enjoy CLAIRE WALLIS' delightful story, and the other full-length short stories

in

the July issue of

BRITANNIA & EVE

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The BYROTER dress, on the left, with a woven design, is in a rayon faille.
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C

First Love Is Remembered Love (*Continued from page 31*)

with an old woman? If she keeps it up much longer she'll be an old woman herself before she knows where she is."

I nearly crushed Gran's brittle little bones with the hug I gave her.

"I'd love it, Gran!" I said.

"It isn't as if you were going among a crowd of strange go-boys from dear-knows-where," Gran said, justifying herself. "There'll be just decent respectable lads from around the place."

"I hear they're expecting a crowd from Monasterevan and Newbridge," Judy said.

"Well, that's all right," Gran said comfortably. "Sure you might say the Monasterevan and the Newbridge lads are the same breed as ourselves."

"Well, no matter who turns up, Mike and meself will be there to look after her. She can go with us and come back with us in the pony-and-trap."

An awful thought struck me. "But, I've nothing to wear, Gran!" I said.

"What about the white voile dress you had last summer?"

"Wouldn't it be too short for me?"

"Go up and put it on till I see it."

I put on the dress. It was much too short for me. And my shape had changed so much since the summer that the dress would not button down the back.

"H'mmm . . ." Gran said, inspecting me. "If I let you out in that, you'd be a nice-looking sight all right. If I had time I'd go to Dublin. But Mr. Johnstone of Newbridge has grand little dresses at times. We'll drive over there tomorrow and see what he has."

We yoked the pony early next morning and drove to Newbridge over a road covered with a glistening white network of frost. The bog lay silent and winter-bound, and the turf-clamps, which those who lived convenient to them had not bothered to draw home, stood lonely and white-roofed at the edge of the road.

Mr. Johnstone had the very frock for me.

I HAVE never since had a frock which gave me such pleasure. It cost thirty-nine and elevenpence, and Gran did not grudge a penny of the money. It was really beautiful. Periwinkle blue satin with a small tight bodice that flowed at the waist into a wide skirt. On the skirt were two small gathered pockets edged with rosebuds, and rosebuds also edged the puff sleeves and the little round neck. Gran bought me a lace-edged handkerchief, a narrow blue velvet ribbon for my hair and a pair of flesh-coloured silk stockings—the first silk stockings I had ever possessed.

"Your black patent Sunday shoes are as good as new," Gran said. "They'll do you grand."

I should think they would do me! As we drove home through the quick-falling dusk, I held the parcel containing my new finery on my knee and envied no woman on earth.

The hams were duly cooked and on the day before Christmas Eve the committee sent us out the pan-loaves for the sandwiches. There were dozens of them.

"We'll leave them till tomorrow," Gran said. "They'll be easier to cut then. We can spend the day making the sandwiches. Then we can wrap them in damp tablecloths and pack them in the big clothes-basket and Mike can drive in with them to the town."

The dance was to be held in a building owned by the local saloon-keeper and leased to us for such functions at ten shillings a time. It was a leaky-roofed barn called The Temple. Just why, it would be difficult to say. To enter The Temple you had to go through an iron gate, across a small yard full of pot-holes, in through a low, scalp-threatening doorway and up a flight of stairs which were a real deathtrap in their dark dilapidation.

Honesty compels me to admit that such, actually, was The Temple. But for many a year it was transformed in my memory because of what happened to me there that night. I forgot its leaky-roof and damp-stained walls, and remembered only the lights and the music and the dancing. I remembered it as a bright glamorous place, blossoming with romance. I could not think of it otherwise, for it was the scene of my first love-affair.

After our two o'clock dinner on the big day, Mike Brophy went into the town to help the other members of the committee to make their last-minute preparations for the Dance. The Temple had already been decorated with bunting. Swinging paraffin lamps had been borrowed from the shop-keepers and hung from hooks in the rafters. Long forms had been collected from the schools and arranged around the walls. But the floor had still to be made ready. Mike and his colleagues would spend the afternoon in hammering down nails and in walking dozens of packets of soap-flakes into the worn floor-boards so as to give them a slipperiness. Judy and myself were glad to see him leave. It meant that for five or six hours we would have the house to ourselves for our preparations. To give us extra privacy, Gran went upstairs to lie down.

WE filled every kettle in the house with water and hung them on the crane. While they were heating, we pulled in the big tub from the wash-house and set it before the fire. We filled it to one-third of its depth with cold water from the pump, and when the kettles boiled we added the scalding water. Then Judy threw in a few handfuls of oatmeal for extra softness, and the bath was ready.

She made me have my bath first. I stood in the tub and soaped myself well with the scented soap which was used only on gala occasions. Then, while I held a towel in front of me, she dipped the three-quart can in the gratefully warm water and sluiced me well.

She would not accept a like service from me, but made me turn my back and get on with my dressing while she performed her ablutions. Gran was obsessed with a fear that I might catch cold, and before going to bed the night before she had made sure my clean underclothing would be well aired by hanging it over the back of a chair near the fire. Having regard to the thinness of my frock, she insisted on my wearing a double supply.

When I had dried myself well, I reached for the under-clothing and put it on. A woollen vest and on top of that another. Then the stiffly-boned corset, lacings in back, steel-busks in front, which though I had neither hips nor waist to corset, Gran insisted on as being necessary for the good of my figure, the health of my kidneys and the comfort of my spine. Next a pair of grey fleece-lined knickers with elastic at the knees, and over these a similar pair. My petticoat went on now. It was white longcloth with a flounce of lace and fine drawstring at the neck. The accumulative effect was not so bulky as it sounds, for I was as thin as a whip.

I loved drawing on the silk stockings, and I never knew legs could curve and gleam so delightfully as mine did in their flesh-coloured hose. My slippers, then, and finally—since my dress was not going on until the last minute for fear of accidents—my school dressing-gown.

All this time, there had been a splashing from Judy and, after, a rubbing and a whistling such as ostlers practice. Her dressing took longer than mine, for she had more garments to don. Bust-bodices and camisoles and such things.

BUT at last we were both finished. We emptied the tub and mopped up the floor. And when Gran came down she found a neat tidy kitchen, a set tea-table and two girls who felt as sweet and as clean as the babies Nurse Cassidy handed over, all washed and powdered, to their mothers.

Presently Mike came in, and when we had tea he went to his little room to shave and put on a clean collar. When he came out, Judy and I were arrayed in all our finery. He was supposed to admire both of us, but he could not take his eyes off Judy. She certainly was as pretty and as wholesome-looking a girl as any man could wish to take to a dance.

I looked nice, too. My hair—which was thick and curly and light-brown in colour—had been washed in rainwater the day before, and it shone like silk. Gran had combed and arranged it for me, and she had tied that narrow band of blue velvet about my head.

She gave my hair a final pat and stood back to admire me.

"There . . ." she said. "You'll do. If I do any more titivating on you you'll be a real Queen of Sheba."

Then she noticed the way I was standing, with my chest hollowed, shoulders hunched and arms pressed to my side. I had discovered one drawback to my new dress, and that was the form-revealing qualities of the bodice. I was agonizingly embarrassed by the way it showed off my recently-developed figure. My hunched attitude was adopted in the hope of minimizing the effect of my dress.

"Here, alanna—what's wrong with you? Straighten yourself up." She gave me a gentle thump between my shoulder-blades.

Mike had gone out to yoke the pony and I could unburden myself freely.

"It's—it's the way the dress makes me stick out in front," I confessed.

Gran and Judy laughed heartily.

"You poor little omadhaun," said Gran. "To listen to you talking anyone would think you were a fine woman. Sure, you're as flat as a griddle."

Judy looked with pitying amusement at my miserable little buds of breasts, and then glanced down complacently at her own luxuriant bosom.

"Are we going today or tomorrow?" demanded Mike from the door.

"Here, give me a kiss," said Gran. "Enjoy yourself, now, and mind you don't catch cold."

On with our coats and gloves and into the trap. Slowly down the boreen and, once on the road, a rolling bowling, quick-stepping, with a rhythm in our hearts keeping time to the pony's hooves.

Mike paid for us at the door of The Temple. His committee badge secured him free admission, and he paid a half-crown each for Judy and myself.

ALTHOUGH it was still early, the dance was in full swing. To reach the ladies' cloakroom which was merely a curtained alcove to the right of the wooden platform where the orchestra was enthroned, we had to jostle our way through the fox-trotting dancers. The tune they danced to, I remember well, was "Just Like a Thief in the Night."

Mrs. Healy was the cloakroom attendant. She took our coats from us and hung them on the long nails which Mike and his colleagues had hammered into the walls. With the nails, a small black-framed mirror, a comb and a galvanized bucket, the cloak-room possessed every convenience any lady could require.

Mike took Judy out to dance immediately. I felt shy about going out into the dance-hall to join the girls who sat hopefully waiting for partners on the benches around the walls. I stood just inside the curtains and peeped out.

The foxtrot finished, and the orchestra—two fiddles, a melodeon and a piano—struck up "The Walls of Limerick." Judy Ryan beckoned me out, and before I knew where I was I was dancing with Mickey O'Neill of Duffy's bar. Mickey was a grand little dancer and since Irish dancing held no terrors for me we got through the number beautifully.

The next dance was not so successful. It was a one-step and I was taken out by Tim Coffey, a very stout and elderly farmer.

I did not enjoy dancing with Tim Coffey. For one thing, there was a smell of stout and sweat from him. For another, I did not like the way he squeezed me so closely that his waistcoat buttons hurt my breast. Most of all I disliked his dancing which was nothing but a stumbling rush about the room. I was knocked against the other dancers. My toes were walked on, (*Continued on page 70*)

and several times I would have stumbled and fallen but for that close embrace.

When the ordeal was at last over, I sank onto the nearest bench, hot and exhausted and with my ribs aching from the extra tight squeeze which Tim had inflicted on me before he released me.

I found myself sitting beside Judy. I admired her dress and she admired mine. In the middle of our mutual admiration, the band commenced to play again—can I ever forget it?—a waltz called "What'll I do?"

And then I heard a voice saying:

"May I have this one?"

I looked up and saw the boy who was to introduce me into a new and unguessed world. A world of kisses and tremblings. Of rapture and sweet longing. And—though this came long after and he had nothing to do with it—a world of heart-hunger, and disappointment and pain.

WE danced well together. As we danced, we introduced ourselves. His name was Frank Breslin and his father owned the drugstore in Monasterevan. He was in a training college for teachers.

What did he look like? I cannot remember very clearly. Dark, a little taller than myself, eighteen or nineteen, and a rather girlish mouth with the lower lip protruding a bit because he was a little undershot. It is strange that though his appearance has clouded over in my mind, the smell of the cigarettes he smoked remains with me to this day. Sometimes, when I am in company or in a crowd, someone starts smoking that brand of cigarettes. The smell reaches me—making me thrill as if it had all happened only yesterday—to the memory of that undershot mouth, and then I am filled with nostalgia for youth and young romance and Ballyderrig.

During that first dance, he was no more to me than a rather nice boy, fairly good-looking, and interesting because he was a stranger and took such an obvious interest in me. But as dance succeeded dance my pleased interest changed to something that was exciting but a little frightening too.

They were playing "Marcheta" and we were waltzing when I felt his arm tighten around me. Ever so slightly at first, but then more firmly until my whole body was conscious of it and of the way his hand was trembling. My hand trembled, too, and I felt a heady languor.

We stopped dancing. We had to. Blindly, we made our way to a bench and sat down. I could not meet his eyes, for I felt ashamed of the way my face was burning.

"Look at me a minute, Delia," he said. I looked at him. "Were you ever kissed?"

I debated with myself for a minute before I answered. Should I tell a lie? Or should I confess the shameful truth of my pitiable inexperience, and have him think me a mere school-girl? I decided on the truth.

"No. Never."

"Will you—" His lips seemed dry and he had to wet them before he went on quickly, "Will you kiss me when we are going out to supper?"

I nodded dumbly.

He put his hand on mine which gripped the bench between us.

"I love you," he said, staring straight at the cloakroom and Mrs. Healy.

"I love you," I whispered, looking right at Mickey O'Neill.

I have never been able to say exactly how the night went between then and supper-time. I have a vague recollection of dancing with Mike Brophy and with Willie Beckett. And I remember Judy Ryan coming over and whispering to me, "Who's the lad you're after clicking?" And at last Tim Dolan, the M.C., was saying.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the supper is ready now."

At dances in Ballyderrig, we had to leave The Temple at supper-time and cross the yard to a little low building which had once served as the boys' school.

Frank Breslin crossed the room to me.

"Don't you want your coat?" he said. In dazed obedience I went into the cloakroom, hunted for my coat and put it on. I was sorry that it was so typically school-girlish—navy nap and belted at the back.

I rejoined him, "We'll wait here a minute," he said. We waited, and then went down the stairs and out into the yard. The others had gone into supper and the yard was deserted. He drew me away from the path of light that streamed from the doorway and into the shadows. And then he kissed me.

There is a wonder to be remembered all the days of a woman's life when the first kiss comes like that. When the boy is right and feels only the warm tenderness that does not raven to sully or despoil. Then there is nothing to affright or shame. Only a rich soft warmth of strange lips and a wild sweet music in the head. And then, as the pressure of the lips grows stronger, nothing but a new blood-tingling and intoxication. There is no dissatisfaction, no sense of hunger unappeased, for the body has no knowledge of further mysteries. The lips are all satisfaction and the rich innocent sweetness of the kiss is all fulfilment.

I broke away from his gently urgent arms.

"Shouldn't we go into supper?" I said unsteadily.

"Wait a minute," Frank said. "Can't I ride over to see you during the holidays?"

"Come over and have tea with us on Sunday," I said, and I told him where I lived.

We got home sometime around two o'clock. Gran, who had gone to bed after our departure, had got up again at one o'clock to re-kindle the fire and have the kettle boiling for us.

I was in a trance of love and Gran thought I was dazed with sleep.

"You can tell me all about the dance tomorrow, alanna," she said, handing me a cup of tea.

"She'll have plenty to tell you, ma'am," Judy said to tease me. "She clicked the nicest lad in the room."

"Who was he?" Gran asked quickly.

"Young Breslin from Monasterevan. His father has the chemist's shop over there."

Gran nodded her head in relieved satisfaction. "He's all right," she said. "A decent family. His mother comes from Allanwood way."

Frank's antecedents were known to Gran and his standing therefore was all right.

We were both nearly asleep when a sudden thought struck me.

"Gran," I whispered, "I've asked him over to tea next Sunday. You don't mind, do you?"

"Who? What?" Gran asked startled from her drowsiness.

"Frank. I've asked him to tea on Sunday. Frank Breslin. Is it all right?"

"Of course it's all right, alanna. It'll be a bad day with us when we can't spare a visitor a cup of tea." She chuckled. "But I can see I'll have to start keeping a wicked dog any of these days."

This was her Ballyderrig way of saying that I was now definitely "out," and that from now on young men might be expected to come besieging the place in droves. I went to sleep feeling very grown-up and important.

JUDY RYAN brought Gran and myself our breakfast in bed next morning. To look at her fresh and bright eyed, as she carried in the black-japanned tray, no one would think she had been dancing till the small hours.

As we ate our rashers and eggs and drank our tea, I told Gran about Frank.

"So he kissed you, did he?" she said.

"Yes, Gran," I admitted. "Sure it was no harm for me to let him?"

Gran poured herself a second cup of tea.

"Does your own conscience say it was a sin for you? Do you feel any way ashamed about it?"

A sin in that singing glory? Shame in the thought of that strange sweet wonder? A flame leaped in me as it all came back to me, sending pins and needles through my breasts and making my throat contract so that I had to put down my cup hurriedly.

"Oh, no, Gran! Not ashamed."

"That's all right, then. You've been reared to know right from wrong, and you'll always know in your own heart when a kiss is a sin and when it isn't."

"Would your fella have any great objections to having his tea in the kitchen?" said Judy Ryan, putting her head in around the door. It was Sunday morning, and we were preparing for Frank's visit. "There's a crow's nest in the parlour chimney and the fire won't draw."

It was true. The smoke from the kindling and turf she had put in the parlour grate was pouring down into the room. The parlour was filled with layer upon layer of fine white smoke-veils.

Thus it was that Frank sat at the kitchen table with Mike and Judy and Gran and myself. There was nothing awkward about that meal, for he was a nice, natural lad. Anyway, no one could feel ill at ease in Gran's company.

BUT I could not help wondering at the strange flatness I felt now that he had come. I had been expecting that the bewildering elation I had known at the dance would return to me immediately I set eyes on him. Instead, I found myself looking at him as if he were a stranger, and discovering faults in his appearance that had passed unnoticed at the dance. I was disappointed to discover that his ears were so large and that he did not come up to Mike Brophy's shoulder.

But it was different when, his visit ended, I walked with him as far as the end of the boreen. It was dusk, a grey still dusk.

He propped his bike against the gate and turned to kiss me good-bye. Then, of course, the rapture I had tasted returned—in part, at least. Kissing had lost its newness and the keen edge of wonder was gone.

It was very enjoyable, all the same. Just one thing spoiled it for me. Frank, under Gran's pressing, had eaten largely of her treacle scones and hot seedy cake. While he kissed me I was conscious of the little rumblings which these things set up in his tummy. And this embarrassed me acutely because I felt it must be embarrassing him, too.

It could not have done so, because before he went, he found words to propose to me. At least, it can hardly be called a proposal in the ordinary sense. There was no talk of undying passion or of wishing to blend our future lives for good and for ill.

Frank said wistfully. "Look, Delia. All the chaps in College are engaged. Will you be engaged to me?"

I have never been one to let anyone off with an aching heart for the want of a promise. Obligingly, I agreed.

"What do you think of him, Gran?" I asked when we were in bed that night.

"He's a nice lad," Gran said noncommittaly. "But you'll get over many a one like him before you're twice married and once a widow." I had a sneaking suspicion myself that she might be right.

Still, it was very nice to dwell in this grand new world where boys looked at you with an exciting kind of intensity and where lips and glances held a new importance. And I was proud to be able to say to myself that I was engaged. I never said "engaged to be married," for marriage was something that did not enter my thoughts. If I visualized Frank in my future life at all, it was in an endless succession of dances in The Temple.

He came over to see me several times during the holidays. On one occasion, he brought me a one-and-threepenny bottle of "Californian Poppy" which I strongly suspected him of having stolen from his father's shop. He wrote to me, too. By the same token, those letters earned me from Willie Beckett what was known in Ballyderrig as "a queer gait of goin." Each letter as he brought it exposed me to all kinds of teasing remarks from Willie. "I suppose you'll be giving us the Big Night any day now, Delia?" and, "We'll all be going over to Monasterevan to buy our pills on the cheap one of these days, Mrs. Lacy." The letters were neither flowery nor lengthy. There was one, even briefer than usual, which gave me a great thrill. It said: "Dear Delia, you're a peach and I love you. Frank."

I should like to be able to say that out of these small beginnings grew a grand and

lasting passion. But human nature is weak and the human heart is very fickle. Ironically, it was my nobility of character that lost me my lover.

Our correspondence continued when Frank went back to college. With the approach of Lent, I was seized by a fit of unusual religious fervour, and I decided that my love affair gave me a splendid opportunity to do some good work for Mother Church. Frank was a Protestant. It would be grand, I thought, if through his love for me he should be drawn into the true fold. I saw myself as an Instrument of Grace. Believing that a threat to break off our engagement would bring him to his knees, literally and emotionally, I wrote him a restrained, dignified note pointing out that since we were of different religions it would be better if we ceased to correspond. He must have agreed with me completely, for he never wrote again.

When the Easter holidays brought neither Frank nor his letter, I was at first bitterly hurt. Hurt love soon gave way to wounded pride. This did not last too long, either, and I was both relieved and disappointed to find that my heart was not broken and that life continued to be enjoyable in spite of the fact that I had been jilted.

END

Romantic Places *(Continued from page 32)*

of the Landes come down to the sea, providing deep, scented shade at the back of the long sandy beach on which the Atlantic rollers, tamed by their passage through the Bassin d'Arcachon, break with lazy insouciance.

On the Dune de Pilat, the highest dune in Europe, the discerning French have built the Hotel Haitza, one of the most luxurious on any coast. From the terrace there is a wonderful view over the Bassin to Arcachon. The food is superb and the clientele pre-eminently French.

About one hundred kilometres from Paris a little way off the main road to Chartres, is the Forest of Senonches. Hidden away in the forest is a tiny village of the same name and here is the small but exceedingly comfortable Hotel de la Foret charmingly situated on the edge of a little lake. The lake is formed by a natural mineral spring which the hotelier has harnessed and made into a swimming pool for his guests.

Modest though the hotel may be, there is nothing modest about its cuisine; its patrons are mostly Parisian. Walking in the forest one comes across remote little hamlets of infinite charm, and little chateaux with "pepperpot" towers. Ten miles or so away is Chartres with its magnificent cathedral. This is a little corner of France, remote and peaceful but within easy reach of Paris.

Most people forget that Paris is surrounded by some of the most beautiful lush green countryside in all France with parks and forests and such great chateaux as Fontainebleau, Versailles and lesser known, but lovely, Rambouillet. Many rivers flow through this pastoral landscape, life is easy and relaxed and Paris seems many miles away, though actually it may be only twenty minutes on the Metro.

If you want the best of both worlds why not stay at the little Relasis des Gardes at Meudon? Parisians come here to lunch on Sundays, or to dine mid-week and walk up the long leafy avenue to the Terrace de Meudon which commands a truly magnificent view of Paris. The Forest of Meudon stretches away almost to Versailles and the park of the Observatory is charming; yet from the Metro station opposite the Relais a train will take you to the Gare Montparnasse in twenty minutes.

The breath-taking loveliness of Venice is almost too good to be true. The blue lagoons with their black gondolas, the pink palaces, the domes of St. Mark's and Santa Maria delle Salute suffused with that golden light which is this dream city's daytime glory—surely this is the most nostalgic and haunting city in the world. There is much to see but—well, does it matter?

Wrapped in a dream of beauty you may want nothing better than to float lazily over the lagoons in a gondola, to sit at a table at Florian's in the Piazza San Marco with that fantastically beautiful cathedral at the end of the great square, to wander in the labyrinth of dark little streets beyond.

Tomorrow, you say, we will go to bathe at the Lido or over the outer lagoon to Torchello—but, indeed, you may never make these expeditions. Someone will start singing and you will stay to listen, unable to tear yourself away from the Piazza San Marco, because it is so like a huge, comfortable, friendly drawing-room and you are fascinated by the people as well as by its unbelievable beauty.

Maybe you will wander in the moonlight to see the Colleoni astride his great war-horse, perhaps the greatest of all equestrian statues. You will go by the high walls of the Civil Hospital and find yourselves on the little quay opposite the enchanting Isola delle Morta; even a cemetery is romantic in Venice.

This city has a special magic which binds you to her so that you will be more than content just to stay within the shelter of her arms. Danieli's has so long been part of Venice that it is difficult to regard it as a mere hotel. The Hotel Luna, with a charming garden restaurant by the side of the canal just off the Piazza San Marco, is extremely good and less expensive.

Without losing any of its dignity and grandeur Rome has become, almost overnight, one of Europe's gayest capitals. Perhaps this is because its dressmakers now vie with the Paris couturiers. Certainly one sees more elegantly dressed women here than anywhere else in Europe. The shops are fascinating, the cafés gay and there is always somewhere to dance.

If the day is too hot for sightseeing the new "tube" trains will whisk you off to a long line of sandy beaches—Rome's Lido—in forty minutes. Here you can spend a *(Continued on page 72)*

All-in-one version of a famous girdle —that's *Youthlines Midi Six*

Many women prefer a corselette to a girdle, or need a corselette. For those who do, and who have been casting envious glances at our 'Midi', here's good, good news—Youthlines 'Midi Six' corselette.

It's the same miracle blend of unforgettable leno and satin elastic, designed gently but firmly to control your whole figure . . . to give you a long smooth line on which today's fashions will sit with assurance. See 'Midi Six', in pink or white, at good shops everywhere. For bust sizes 34-40 (odd and even) 159/6.

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happy day bathing and return to the city in the cool of the evening.

Evening is, perhaps, the best time of all in the Eternal City. To stroll on the Capitol on a summer night and listen to the nightingales, to see the Coliseum by moonlight, to watch the sun set over the city from the Medici fountain in the Pincio, no other city can provide such a host of enchantments.

Soon you will realize that to enjoy this wonderful city you must do as the Romans do and cultivate leisure. You will find yourself lounging against a fountain, or sitting on the balustrade of the Spanish Steps idly watching the kaleidoscope of Roman life go by. You will eat those delicious ices in the Café Grecco, the oldest and most interesting café, and you must dine by candle light at Dell'Orso, a medieval inn frequented by Dante.

Take a picnic by moonlight on the Via Appia Antica amidst the tall cypresses of this first great Roman Road. The air is scented with thyme and rosemary and the wild flowers hide the broken columns.

You may suddenly realize that you have seen but few of the famous "sights," but you will have no regrets for you will have been so happy in this lovely city of luxurious leisure. The Hotel Hasslar at the top of the Spanish Steps is elegant and expensive. Almost next door, the Hotel de la Ville is excellent and has a charming garden.

Surely no island is as famous and as unknown as Elba. Vaguely "in the news" since Napoleon spent his enforced one hundred days' holiday there, it has only recently become a "place to visit." Fortunately it remains—as yet—unspoiled; it is wildly beautiful and its people are honest and charming. At Poggio is the island's only first class hotel, the Fonte Napoleon which is very comfortable, serves excellent food and is set in the midst of a delightful garden.

The coast of Elba is heavily indented and every little bay has its tiny fishing village—all beauties in miniature. The interior is extremely fertile and is a riot of fruit and flowers at all times. Walks through the chestnut forest are enchanting on a hot day—one of them leads to the cottage where Napoleon had his last romantic encounter with Marie Walewska. Elba has no manufactured attractions but it has very real natural beauty, the friendliest of people, and a feeling of peace and well being.

Romantic Places

Gothland, the "island of ruins and roses" lacks the scorching heat of the Mediterranean but has practically everything else. Sixty miles from the Swedish coast, it has a mild, dry climate and when you arrive at Visby, the capital, you step right back into the Middle Ages. The thirteenth-century city wall and fortress are still intact and many lovely old half-timbered houses are still in use.

Everywhere there are sheltered sandy beaches and masses of flowers including the famous roses which bloom late in this northern island. Visby is certainly not all ruins, its old harbour is a favourite with modern yachtsmen; Snackgardsbaden is super-modern in the best Swedish taste and has a swimming pool on the beach and a de luxe hotel with cottages for hire and gay dances every summer evening.

The Pavilion, an old wooden house by the City Walls, is now a famous open-air restaurant where you may dine on summer evenings. There is much to see inland; the country is wild and beautiful and the home of many wild birds and the little red Gothland wild horses. An excellent bus service will take you all over the island which is eighty miles long and thirty miles wide. The season ends officially on August 31 but September is an equally beautiful month here and can be warmer than August.

And now for an enchanted isle much nearer home. Herm, three miles to the east of Guernsey, has only one large house on it which is now an excellent hotel, The White House. At the northern tip of the island is its famous Shell Beach, dazzling white in the sunshine and composed of tiny, perfect shells. Above this beach is a sporting nine-hole golf course whose hazards are enormous clumps of rock roses, poppies and other wild flowers.

There are fine cliffs on the east of the island facing Sark, and a perfect bathing beach on the west. This little isle of many charms was once the home of Compton Mackenzie and, many years ago, was leased to Prince von Wahlstell, an eccentric gentleman who cultivated the wild flowers and kept wallabies instead of dogs.

END

Three-quarter Sleeve Bolero (*Continued from page 44*)

NECK EDGE

Next purl row.—Cast off 30 sts. for neck, then continue to inc. 1 st. at neck edge every 5th row for 17 rows (50 sts.). Now continue straight on these 50 sts. (no increases or decreases) until the straight piece measures 21 ins. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front *reversed.*

The side edge, sleeve edge and shoulders are exactly as the left side of the right front. The front edge is exactly as left front reversed up to the 48th row (90 sts.). Continue sleeve and shoulder shapings as for right front, but on front edge dec. 1 st. on every alternate row until the last 18 rows, then dec. 1 st. at front edge on every row. Cast off remaining 2 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces very lightly on the wrong side under a damp cloth, using a warm iron. It is essential not to over-press.

Join shoulder seams by backstitching on the wrong side, approx. ⅛ in. from edges to ensure a neat seam. Join side seams in the same way. Press very lightly.

THE SLEEVE BANDS

Using No. 12 needles cast on 7 sts. Work in g.st. (every row k.) until the band is long enough to reach round armhole from underarm to underarm (slightly stretched to make a firm edge). Cast off. Work a second sleeve band in the same way.

THE FRONT BORDER

Using No. 12 needles cast on 2 sts.

1st row.—Inc. 1 in first st., k. 1.

2nd row.—K. to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

3rd row.—Inc. 1 in first st., k. to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until there are 7 sts. on the needle. Continue in g.st. until the shorter edge of the band is long enough to reach up the left front edge, round the back of neck and along one side of the scarf as far as the cast off edge. Cast off.

THE BOTTOM BORDER

Using No. 12 needles cast on 2 sts. and inc. as for front border until there are 7 sts. on the needle. Now continue in g.st. until the band is long enough to reach along the bottom of the left front, across the back and up the right front and along to the cast-off edge of scarf. Cast off.

It is essential that the borders should not flute. Neatly weave all borders to their corresponding edges.

THE END BORDER

Using No. 12 needles cast on 7 sts.

Work in g.st. until the band is long enough to go along the cast-off edge of scarf, including the borders at each end. Cast off.

THE FRINGE

Cut three strands 9 ins. long for each tassel. Finished tassel 4½ ins. long.

END

Slotted Sweater (*Continued from page 45*)

sts. and work in the twist rib, beg. with p. 3. Inc. 1 st. each end every ½ in. 23 times. When work measures 15 ins. shape top of sleeve. At right edge (right side facing) cast off 4 sts. once, 3 sts. 5 times, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 6 times. At the same time, at opposite edge, cast off 2 sts. 16 times. Now cast off at beg. of next and following rows 3 sts. 6 times. Cast off.

At bottom of sleeve, and with No. 12 needles, pick up the 60 sts. originally cast on and work as follows: **1st row.**—3 sts. in twisted rib stitch, p. 12, 9 sts. in twisted rib stitch, p. 12, 9 sts. in twisted rib stitch, p. 12, 3 sts. in twisted rib stitch. **2nd row.**—P. 3, k. 12, p. 9, k. 12, p. 9, k. 12, p. 3.

Rep. these 2 rows twice (6 rows in all), then work the first 3 sts. and leave the other sts. on spare needle. Cast on 2 sts. on the left of the 3 sts. and work for 1½ ins. Cast off the 2 sts. which were cast on and put the other 3 sts. on one side. Take up the next 12 sts. and cast on 4 sts. at each end. Work 1½ ins. Cast off the 4 sts. at each end, and place these 12 sts. to the left of the 3 sts already worked. Take up the next 9 sts. and cast on 4 sts. at each end. Work for 1½ ins., cast off the 4 sts. at each end and place these sts. to the left of the 15 sts. already worked.

Work thus with each band until all 60 sts. have been worked, then take all sts. on to one needle and work 1¼ ins. before casting off.

THE LEFT SLEEVE

Left Sleeve is as the right sleeve in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces firmly. Join shoulder seams, arranging for the ribs to match. Now work the collar as follows: with right side of work facing, pick up 26 sts. from back opening to shoulder seam, 34 sts. from shoulder seam to centre front. Pick up the same number of stitches from centre front to back opening. Work on these stitches as follows: at centre back p. 6, cast on 4 sts. to the left and work in reversed st.st. (right side facing, 1 row p., 1 row k.) for 1½ ins. Cast off the 4 sts. and put on one side. Work next 8 sts. and cast on 4 sts. at each end. Work 1½ ins. in twist rib stitch, cast off 4 sts. at each end and put on one side.

Work next 12 sts. in reversed st.st., casting on 4 sts. at each end. Work for 1½ ins. Cast off 4 sts. at each end and put on one side. Continue to work in this fashion round neck, alternating twist rib stitch with reversed st.st., taking care to get a reversed st.st. rib at centre front, and finishing at centre back with 6 sts. in reversed st.st. Put all stitches on to one needle and work ¾ in. before casting off.

Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves, being careful to put right into right armhole and left into left. Seam up cuffs and make a ½-in. hem along bottom. Turn in and hem down the sts. cast on at either side of strips. Turn in edges of placket opening and hem down. Make small hem round neck and sew down cast-on sts. on either side of collar strips. Put in zip fastener.

Cut two pieces of ribbon for collar. Sew one end of each piece to back of neck. Run both pieces through slots to centre front, keeping twisted rib strips on top. Cut one end to a point and hem neatly. Make a buttonhole in this end. Hem other end and sew on button. Run ribbon through cuff slots and finish with button and buttonhole as with collar.

END

Look Who's Here!

(*Continued from page 38*)

her for some while. and it was very pleasant out there on the river. He could sit in a boat and ponder on his misdeeds, and in the intervals of pondering he could play a spot of golf.

Marion left first. She said goodbye to George quite nicely and even allowed him to kiss her as he handed her into a taxi. Having waved her out of sight he went back indoors to make a few phone calls.

It should be explained here that George and Marion were living at this time in a studio apartment belonging to a friend of George's. The lease of their house had fallen in about the same time as the flare-up over Boopy Huggins occurred, and they had borrowed the studio as an interim measure while they were making up their minds whether or not to part company.

ONE of the calls George had to make was to this friend of his, the owner of the apartment, to announce that a large parcel had arrived for him, marked *Urgent—Perishable,* and to ask him to drop in and collect it as soon as he could. He would find the place empty, George explained, as both he and Marion were going away for the weekend to their respective Mammas; but he could let himself in with the spare latch key which George would leave under the doormat. This small matter being settled, George rang off.

He then wired to his mother acquainting her with the news of his imminent arrival. He had begun his preparations for departure when, to his surprise and irritation, Marion rang up from the station to ask if he was really going away as he had agreed to do.

Of course he was, George declared, virtuously indignant. He was packing his suitcase at this identical moment and proposed to catch the five fifteen, as planned.

His intention was firm. But George, left to his own devices, is incapable of carrying out any kind of preparations to schedule. Having fiddled about collecting and rejecting things, closed and bolted windows and written notes for the milkman, the daily help and the newsboy, he found to his dismay that he had left it too late to catch the five fifteen and would consequently have to wait till the next train.

It was while he was filling in the interval by polishing his golf clubs and hunting for a new Dunlop ball that Marion had given to the next-door cat to play with, that the phone rang again. George was both hurt and offended when he lifted the receiver to hear Marion's voice squeaking at him over the long distance line. She was calling up from her mother's, to find out if he had *gone* yet.

Well, no, he hadn't, George was forced to admit. He had lost sight of the time and missed the train. He was catching the six forty. He thought he detected a slightly waspish tone in her voice as she rang off.

There was no further hitch and he left the studio with half an hour to spare.

The train for Milford End snaked out punctually from the station on that Saturday evening with George seated sanctimoniously in one of its lower vertebrae. But it never got there

There had been torrential rain in the district the day before which loosened a sandy bank along the Milford End branch line and brought several hundred tons of it slithering down across the track. The landslide occurred about sixteen miles from the village and right in the path of George's train, which thereupon halted, reversed its engine and steamed back to the junction. Here the passengers were decanted and left to fend for themselves. As there was small prospect of the line being cleared that night and no other means of reaching the village by rail, George set out to find a car. There was a garage in the town which ran a hire service, but by the time George located it the proprietor had locked up for the night and gone to the pictures.

He then cast a speculative eye on the station taxi. It took him a long while to persuade the driver to venture so far out, in spite of his offer of a bonus on the fare; and by the time they had covered the first stage of the journey George discovered the reason for the man's reluctance. The taxi broke down.

WITH the fiendish malice of the internal combustion engine it had picked a particularly lonely and unfrequented stretch of the road. While the driver hammered and prodded and cursed, George sat on a bank in the gathering dusk looking hopefully up and down. Nothing passed by at all, except two little boys on bicycles and a lorry going in the opposite direction. He toyed with the idea of walking the rest of the way; but that was as far as he got.

George is the kind of man who is prepared to tramp endlessly round golf courses in pursuit of a little white ball, but who is appalled by the prospect of walking ten miles along a country road merely in order to get to his destination.

After about an hour the taxi driver got his engine going again, but he refused point blank to venture any further with it. So George climbed in and they chugged and crawled back to where they started from. It was now well after ten o'clock. George tried the garage again, only to be told that the proprietor had returned from the cinema with a raging headache and had gone to bed.

This seemed to George to add the final brick to a pyramid of frustration and he decided to go back to town and make a fresh start for Milford End on the following morning.

Returning to the station, he found he had missed the ten-twenty by three minutes and that there wasn't another train till the night mail came through, shortly before midnight.

He went and sat in the station hotel drinking watered beer till he was turned out; then he sat on the platform, in an apathy of dejection, until finally the mail train swept in and rescued him. He got into town at last, sought in vain for a taxi and was obliged to walk all the way home, arriving there about half past two in the morning. (The timetable is important in relation

(*Continued on page 75*)

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A Fairground's Painted Swings (*Continued from page 19*)

restoration elsewhere. "I really am awfully sorry. They're all so alike—so many of them—my friend lost hers——"

"Our Glad won it proper. Her Dad did, anyway." The scarfed head bridled defensively.

"You don't think we went picking up somebody else's property, I suppose?" Dad's fag-end was now quite alarming, a smouldering wreck which threatened to disappear down his throat. "We're not interested in what doesn't belong to us, thanks very much."

"No, of course not. It was only that I made a mistake."

He knew, miserably, that they continued to think of him as light-fingered and believed none of his protestations.

THERE was to be no gracious acceptance of apology, no laughter shared over a trivial contretemps. They still muttered balefully as he walked away from them, Our Glad pushing a pink ribbon over the kewpie's stomach and thereby proving, if she had but known it, that it was not the model sought by the young man. The words of outraged motherhood were wafted to his scarlet and escaping ears.

"Can't take your eyes off a thing without it's lifted. Spoke quite posh, too; they're the worst of the lot."

So much for knight-errantry. It had been a ridiculous idea, anyway. Perhaps he should be grateful to Mum and Dad and Our Glad for relieving him of an encumbrance, so unlikely did it now seem that he would have had the happy opportunity of restoring it to its supposed owner. He would never see her again. Probably she had gone home; and he found himself speculating what that home might be like, and pictured it as an utterly desirable place having her bright presence within it.

Almost certainly she would have a shelf of Chesterton's books, and a terrier or two, and a garden with an apple tree. Obviously she was that kind of girl. Obviously she liked long walks in the rain, and making bonfires, and developing her own snapshots, and laughing. She was everything that would make tolerable his exile in this strange town, with a new job ahead of him; and he had lost her, he would never see her again.

He might, without losing much enjoyment, go home himself, except that it was not yet easy to believe that home was represented by the unfamiliar house which promised him bed and breakfast. Presently it would fit into the pattern of his life, it seemed clean and comfortable with a landlady disposed to be obliging, but it was still touched by the frost of strangeness.

He could finish his unpacking and arrange his books, and put up photographs and his one treasured picture of a wind-rippled seashore—it seemed an agreeable prospect enough, more agreeable than kicking his heels about the fairground; yet he was unwilling to leave the place. Unwilling, he admitted ruefully to himself, to leave a place where at any moment he might catch a glimpse of a striped dress.

And the moment was there with him, because he saw candy stripes soaring aloft in one of the swinging boats. They were shrieking, the people in the swings, and it looked to him most violent and dangerous, an altogether exaggerated swing, so that he gasped for her safety. But it was delightful to know her whereabouts, even if they should be whereabouts of so perilous a sort, and easy to wait until the swinging should be over, ready to greet her return to ground. This time he would be bold, and attach himself to her side with a nonchalant air. This time he would not allow shyness to defeat him.

When the swings slowed down, and he could see the occupants more clearly, and saw that the striped dress was not in fact the one he sought, he felt quite sick with disappointment. This girl was not in the least like her whom he had so airily described as his friend. He turned away, realizing with a shocked surprise how eagerly he had waited to greet her; realizing, too, that he must continue to search for her. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl. The search was now a definite thing, an urgent thing, not a vague matter of chance and hope.

Presently he was looking at the scenic railway. The thought of that tumbling ride sickened him; he was astonished by the lust for punishment which should lead anyone to pay good money to be thus mentally and physically harrowed. One of the last carriages held a solitary figure, and something about that figure—oh, impossible, of course, as they whizzed past, to distinguish personalities, and if you want something badly your imagination becomes too lively.

He told himself, swallowing hard, that it was only imagination playing tricks. And then the ride was over, and the cars jolting to rest, and a girl in a striped dress with short dark hair disembarked and walked towards him.

"Hallo," he said.

She gave him so warm a smile that he thought he had not been too daring in speaking of her as his friend.

"That was gorgeous. Have you been on it?"

"No. I found your doll—I mean, I thought I did, but it belonged to somebody else. I was almost arrested for stealing it."

She smiled again, and said she was sorry, giving him her beautiful sympathy for his misadventure. But he felt that he did not have her whole attention; she glanced backward and hesitated, and he was afraid that she was going to be elusive again. He wanted to offer her something, anything to make his society endurable to her, a ride on the merry-go-round or a choc-ice, but everything seemed unworthy of her.

"I think," she said, "that I'll go on the scenic railway again. I loved it so much."

She had not actually bidden him goodbye but her withdrawal implied it. It was now or never, he thought, placing himself at her elbow.

"I'd like to try it, too. Could we—will you come with me?"

"Of course, if you want to."

She was before him at the pay-box but he stepped in front of her.

"I'll take the tickets."

She frowned and shook her head.

"Oh, no. I pay for myself."

"You're an independent type."

"Yes, of course. If you paid, it would be as if I'd picked you up. I never pick people up."

HE could believe that. He had meant it, he had not merely been using raillery, when he had called her an independent type. She was like a brave little ship thrusting her way alone through the oceans of the world.

"Neither do I, as a matter of fact," he said. "I don't know how, really."

She laughed, as if she liked that. She had a jolly laugh and lovely teeth. She probably wasn't beautiful at all, if beauty were rated on the film-star level, but she seemed to him to have everything. He wondered what her name was.

"Not that it matters," he said as they took their seats, "but my name's Simon."

"Simple Simon," she said, but not unkindly. "We've both got nursery-rhyme names, then, because mine's Jill. Not, as you say, that it matters."

The ride was quite as terrifying as he had expected it to be. He wondered, as he seemed in some odd way to part company with his stomach, if he could have fallen in love. Nothing less could provide an adequate reason for the horror to which he now subjected himself. It was a pity, it was a sad waste, to fall in love for the first time and immediately go hurtling to one's death; but artistic, perhaps, to share death with the beloved. When the nightmare journey was over and they were both still alive he felt that they had, at the very least, dared tremendous things together.

"Lovely," she said. It was not the word he would have chosen. "And now I think I'll ride on one of the gentle hobby-horses."

The delight of a companion with independent ideas was that she took away the groping, tentative effort to find suggestions which would please. He did not have to search his soul, or the fair-ground's amenities, for her entertainment. She wanted to ride a hobby-horse; well, she should, and so would he. He liked to hear her call them gentle, although he would not have thought of such a word to describe those mettlesome scarlet-nostrilled beasts.

Their fierceness disappeared at once in her description, melting into kinship with a beloved nursery rocking-horse. Some day he would ask her—but he already knew—if she had owned a rocking-horse like the one he now remembered, and whispered secret things into its ear, and set forth astride it on a journey to enchanted lands.

THE merry-go-round was popular and they could not find two horses close together. He suspected that she did not even look for such a thing, or think it important, and he stifled a suggestion that they should wait until the next journey when they might make their choice from an emptying stable. Already she was mounting one of the few available steeds, settling herself with the gravest concentration of enjoyment, looking very straight and cavalierish and quite, quite different from any of the other riders.

He could not see her, from his own mount on the other side. When the merry-go-round slowed to a standstill, and he descended, he still could not see her. He ran round the stupid thing, first one way and then the other, out of breath, almost out of temper. He stood still at last, defeated in dismay. She had disappeared again, this unnaturally elusive Jill; escaped from him, as if it counted for nothing that their paths had joined.

It was not now possible to contemplate a future in which he would never see her again. It was not possible to go aimlessly wandering, hoping that chance might bring them face to face. To find her was the only important thing in all the world, and it no longer mattered whether she wished to be with him. Something like panic invested him as he made his frantic search, catching his throat and making his heart beat wildly.

That heart had become like a stone sinking when it suddenly rushed upward again at the sight of her playing with one of the slot machines, intent on an absurd mechanical cricket game. It had been only a matter of minutes, only a temporary mislaying and perhaps not even a deliberate evasion on her part, but it had seemed to him a lifetime of loss and fear. He gasped, breathless with hurry and alarm.

"I couldn't find you anywhere. I thought you'd gone away. Oh Jill, I think I'll spend my life looking for you."

She turned her eyes away from the little tin cricketers to smile at him.

"Why?" she said. "Why should you? You've found me now."

She stood beside him with the wind blowing her hair and the fairground lights shining a reflection in her eyes.

"Shall we go and have our fortunes told?" she said.

It was lovely to hear her say "Shall we" like that, for the first time accepting their togetherness.

"If you like. But if we go separately you'll disappear again. You always disappear. Would the hag take us together?"

She laughed.

"Of course not. Fortunes are terribly private."

He thrust his hands into his pockets because they wanted to touch her.

"Don't let's, then. It would only be rubbish, anyway. We know more about our own future than any Madame Zaza behind a bead curtain can possibly know. At least, I think I do—I hope I do."

Compliantly she fell into step beside him, and he walked with her through the noisy fairground into their future.

END

to the development of the story, whose tenuous threads spring like those of a cobweb from three dispersed points to converge in a central vortex.)

WE will leave George trudging dolefully home and proceed to the second point of the triangle.

Marion had spent a nice afternoon with her mother in the garden, picking raspberries, but the evening was less satisfactory. They talked, of course, about George. Marion's mother did not consistently subscribe to her views on the wickedness of George. That is to say, she did so only when it suited her. She was being specially provoking on this occasion for, if the truth were told, she hadn't wanted to have her daughter around this weekend.

She had never, she confided to her friends, really *liked* Marion since she grew up into a rather smug and intolerant young woman who would insist on teaching her how to do things. She had barely arrived today, for instance, before she was telling her the proper way to make raspberry jam set firm.

She made up her mind to drive Marion back to town so as to be left in peace to make the jam in her own slapdash way.

"What makes you think he's actually *gone?*" she inquired. "He was still there each time you phoned. I don't suppose he had the slightest intention of going. It would be just like him to see you safely off the premises and then get up to something. You know he's not to be trusted."

The same thought had, of course, been at the back of Marion's mind all the time, and it took very little of this sort of treatment to work her up to a fever pitch of apprehension.

"Do you think I ought to ring up again?" she asked.

"Waste of time," said her mother flatly.

Dinner was made unbearable by her mother quoting "While the cat's away . . ." in a singsong voice as she served the fish. Marion couldn't eat a thing. By nine o'clock she was looking up trains. By half past ten she was on her way home.

And here we must skip to the third point, or apex, of the triangle. Sorry to keep dodging about like this.

GEORGE'S friend, the owner of the studio, who for reasons of discretion will be referred to hereafter as X, had called round for his parcel shortly after George left for the station. Opened on the spot, the package was found to contain three large lobsters, a box of peaches, a flagon of perry and a card from his Auntie Amy on the coast, saying: "Happy returns of the day, dear boy."

X was delighted with this generous reminder that it was indeed his birthday. He drew out the flagon from its straw-lined container and fondled it lovingly. He had a deep respect and affection for his Auntie Amy's home-brewed perry. It had a kick like a mule, and there was no tedious time-lag between cause and effect.

He gloated over the lobsters, wondered if he could eat them all himself, came to the conclusion, regretfully, that he couldn't—and decided to throw a party. The snag was that he was living at his club, which was drastically unsuitable for the sort of celebration he had in mind. The question was, where . . . ? Ah, he had it. Why not here? The place was empty for the weekend. It belonged to him, so he didn't see how the Maxwell-Saunders couple could reasonably object.

There was sherry and a small quantity of brandy in the tantalus. In the sideboard cupboard he found only a bottle of dubious port and some ginger ale. Undeterred, knowing his man, he poked about till he unearthed George's private store. A case of whisky. Gin. *Vodka!* "Oh boy," he crowed. "Oh, happy birthday-boy!" He rushed to the telephone to summon the members of that convivial circle whose society was now eschewed by the repentant George. Poor old George, he thought. What a shame!

To say that the party was in full swing when Marion arrived is an understatement. It had got to the stage when it was a trifle out of hand. She heard the din when she was coming down the street, but it did not dawn upon her till she actually stood outside the door that the fearful racket was coming from within. Perhaps she hadn't really believed, in her heart of hearts—at least, she had hoped against hope. But now her worst fears were realized.

The first person she saw when she flung the door open was Boopy Huggins, in lime-green cami-knickers, doing the can-can on top of the piano, while a very fat man with a pie-dish on his head was thumping out Offenbach. Half a dozen other people were piled in a heap on the big chesterfield settee, bawling applause.

When Boopy became aware of the intruder she stopped her dance, with one leg cocked high in the air.

"Oh," she shrieked. "*Look who's here!*"

For a moment—but only for a moment, since there were only two persons present who recognized Marion Maxwell-Saunders—the party faltered, the noise lessened, and Boopy fell off the piano. X, who had gone into the kitchen to fetch some ice from the refrigerator, glanced through the doorway into the studio—and became at this point suddenly, unexpectedly, tired of the proceedings. He grabbed his coat, threw up the kitchen window and fled down the fire escape.

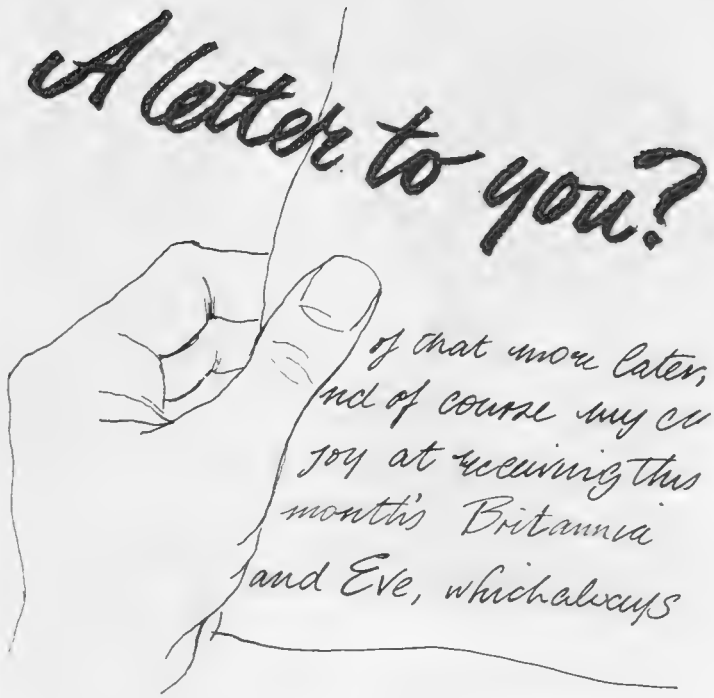
The company meanwhile had recovered themselves and were extending a rapturous welcome to the newcomer. They didn't, except for Boopy, know who she was, but they were delighted to see her. A small, foreign-looking man rushed up, put both arms round her neck and kissed her affectionately.

"Darr*leeng*, you're so vairy late. Where have you been, you notty girl? Have a dreenk."

Someone plucked off her hat. She was surrounded, beleaguered. Brimming glasses were thrust at her from all sides.

Crimson with rage, she wriggled out of the foreign gentleman's embrace.

(*Continued on page 76*)



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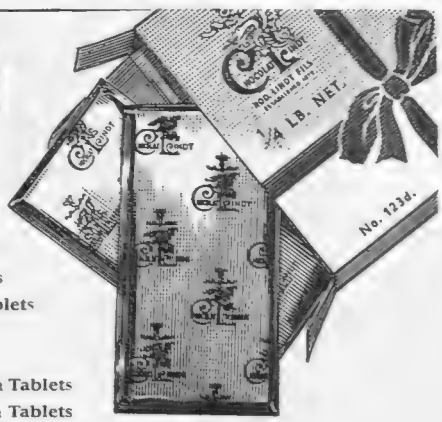

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"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, in the manner of a headmistress ambushing a dormitory spree. "What are you doing here? How *dare* you! Where's my husband? Where's George?

For some reason this tickled the gathering immensely. They were convulsed with mirth.

"George!" they echoed. "*George, George, George . . .*"

They ran about, making whistling and chirruping noises, looking under the table, under the sideboard, under the carpet, as though searching for a lost pet mouse. Then they flocked back to Marion.

"No George," they reported.

She repulsed them violently. Upheld by the very natural delusion that George was hiding somewhere in the apartment, she went after him like a beagle on a hot scent. At once the foreign man clasped her round the waist from behind and the rest of the company fell in after him in conga formation. Prancing and whooping, they wove around the room, in and out of the bedroom, the bathroom, the kitchen.

Every now and again one of them dropped out and the file closed up over the prone form, pushing its struggling spearhead into every nook and corner, while the fat man at the piano, both feet clamped on the loud pedal, sang "Stone cold dead in de market . . ." and a girl in a torn dress brought up the rear carrying Marion's hat on the point of an umbrella. The victim's frenzied protests and her screams for George were drowned in the uproar. Beside herself and almost weeping with fury she finally broke free and sank dizzily into a chair.

A tumbler filled with a cool clear fluid the colour of ginger ale stood on a table beside her and automatically she reached out her hand for it. The first mouthful took her breath away. She gasped and spluttered, but she drank it down to the last drop, for her throat was parched. Shortly afterwards her ordeal was mercifully terminated. The party went on for another two hours or so, but Marion knew no more about it.

It should be pointed out that she had eaten no dinner and was tired out and semi-hysterical—that the tumbler she picked up was three parts full of Auntie Amy's perry, and that someone, misled by its innocuous appearance, had enterprisingly laced it with gin. She went out as if under the impact of a sledge-hammer.

REVERTING now to George, we find him where we left him, trudging drearily homeward in the small hours in the firm belief that his set of clubs and his suit case were the heaviest ever designed by the hand of man. Reaching, at last, the front door of the apartment, he let himself in—then stopped dead on the threshold.

The place was silent, apparently empty, but all the lights were on. The atmosphere met him like a solid wall.

The state of the studio when Marion arrived some hours previously was one of orderly decorum compared to what it looked like now.

He picked his way across the room rather like a reconnaissance scout on a battlefield and went into the bedroom. He came out again very quickly with his lips pursed in a soundless whistle. He was about to cross the room again to open a window when he was startled by the sound of a loud snore. It seemed to come from the direction of the chesterfield, which was now slewed round with its back to him. Executing a subtle flanking movement he crept round to the front of it, and was there confronted by what he took to be a corpse.

The illusion was supported by the fact that someone had thoughtfully covered it up with a tablecloth but had replaced its hat—a natty straw boater with a feather, which was faintly familiar—at the wrong end, that is, on its upturned feet.

A gentle rising and falling of the shroud, and the stertorous intermittent snores, betrayed the fact that there was life in the body. Gingerly George lifted the tablecloth. Beneath it, in most inelegant disarray and a state of coma, he discovered the wife of his bosom.

The tumbler from which she had been drinking had slipped from her inert hand. George bent down and sniffed. His eyebrows shot up into his hair.

He set himself to try and think it out. At first he could make nothing of it at all. And then he recalled how determined Marion had been to establish the fact of his own departure, how anxious she had seemed to get him out of the way.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he said.

He pushed aside a heap of broken glasses and sat down on the torn piano stool.

"Nice friends you've got," he said.

Then he began to laugh. He laughed till he cried. He was still laughing when Marion came to. Her return to consciousness must have been a shattering experience, for several reasons. Regrettably, we must draw a veil—as they say in the travelogues—over that fascinating scene. What George said to Marion, and what Marion said to George, has never been recorded. I can only deduce the general trend of the conversation from its outcome—that is to say, from the state of truce that has existed between the parties from that day to this. The affair has left its mark on both of them. Marion is quite subdued. George, on the other hand, is slightly more assertive, more his old self.

George's friend X, when privily taxed by him with being the author of the outrage, admitted it with some relief. He had been feeling rather badly about it, one way and another, and was glad of the chance to offer an apology and amends for the wreckage.

George, however, wouldn't hear of this. He slapped his old friend on the back and pumped his hand up and down.

"The party was on me, old boy," he said.

"It certainly was," I agreed.

END

"And Afterwards At . . ." (*Continued from page 46*)

Required

Your very largest mixing bowl (and a number of smaller ones) three round tins, diameters 12, 9 and 6 in. respectively.

Ingredients

5¾lb. plain white flour; 3½ lb. brown sugar; 4½ lb. butter; 11 lb. currants and sultanas mixed; 1 lb. glace cherries; 1½ lb. mixed peel; 6 oz. whole almonds; 4 oz. ground almonds; 6 teaspoons mixed spice; 1½ teaspoons cinnamon; 1½ teaspoons ground mace; 2 doz. medium eggs; about ¼ pint brandy.

Wash and clean the fruit the day before mixing the cake, so that it is perfectly dry when used. You can also blanch and chop the whole almonds and prepare the peel by removing the sugar from it and cutting it into small pieces. The cherries should be halved.

Grease the cake tins, and line each with two thicknesses of greased paper, fitting it so that it stands at least two inches above the height of the tins. Use a second larger mixing bowl to sieve the flour and spices together. Whisk all the eggs together in another bowl. Now, taking your largest bowl, cream the butter and the sugar very thoroughly indeed; it really *must* be creamy, but not oily. Gradually add the flour, the fruit, the ground and chopped nuts, and the whisked eggs alternately, beating well between each addition. Finally stir in the brandy, and give the mixture a final beating. Now divide it into the three tins—one-eighth into the small tin, a quarter into the middle tin, and the remainder into the largest tin. Put the two larger cakes into the oven first, baking in a moderately hot oven (350 deg.) for about three hours. Then reduce the heat to 300 deg. before putting in the smallest cake, and bake for another 3½ hours. If the cakes appear to be browning too quickly, cover the tops with some ungreased paper. At the end of that time, test the cakes by piercing with a skewer. It will come out quite clean if the cakes are cooked through.

Turn the cakes out on to wire racks and let them get quite cold before storing. You may, if you wish, then wrap them separately in greaseproof paper and place them in airtight tins, but I would recommend the American method, which is to wrap them in cloths dipped in brandy, and then in greaseproof paper, before storing. Store for at least two weeks before putting on the almond paste, and then leave for another week before finishing with royal icing.

Almond Paste

7 lb. icing sugar; 7 lb. ground almonds; whites **or** yolks of 18 eggs: **or** 9 whole eggs (yolks alone make the best coloured paste); juice of one lemon; vanilla flavouring to taste.

Sieve the icing sugar until it is absolutely free from lumps. Mix with the ground almonds. Beat up the eggs and add, then add the lemon juice and the vanilla. Knead with the hands until absolutely smooth. Dust a cooking board or table top with sieved icing sugar and roll out, after dividing the paste into appropriate portions for each cake. Do each cake separately, brushing first with some warmed red currant jelly. Be quite sure that the top of each almond iced cake is absolutely level. Use the rolling pin if necessary to ensure this. The quantities given will make one thick layer for the tops of the cakes, or thinner layers to cover the tops and sides. Leave the cakes to dry before storing them again, this time, of course, just wrapped in greaseproof paper.

Finally, the royal icing. Two layers are needed, the first thin and the second thick.

The first layer requires

4½ lb. icing sugar; juice of 4 lemons; whites of 10 eggs.

Sieve the icing sugar, squeeze the lemon juice and strain it. Whisk the whites until they are stiff. Add lemon juice and whites of egg alternately, beating, until the icing is stiff enough. This will take about 10 minutes. Test it by resting a fork on top. If the tines of the fork are plainly marked in the stiff icing, the consistency is right. Divide the icing into three bowls in the same proportions as before. Ice the large cake first, *thinly*, smoothing it with a palette knife dipped in hot water. Beat up the icing before using it on the second cake, and again for the third cake. Keep the tops level. Leave for 24 hours before icing.

Top Icing

9 lb. icing sugar; juice of 8 lemons; whites of 2 doz. eggs.

Prepare as before, and coat each cake quite thickly. This coat must be perfectly smooth, and the tops absolutely level. Leave to dry for 24 hours before decorating.

Royal Icing for Decorating

3 lb. icing sugar; juice of 3 lemons; whites of 7 eggs.

Beat this icing very well, and test before using by marking letters on the top of it. They will remain unblurred if the icing is stiff enough. If not, beat again.

The illustration on page 47 shows an original and romantic design for a wedding cake, very appropriate for a June wedding with its decoration of summer flowers and leaves. The icing decoration is simple, consisting of elongated shell pattern in diagonal lines down the sides of the cakes. But if you prefer the more usual bridal cake draw your chosen design on paper before beginning, remembering the centres of the lower cakes need not be decorated, as they are covered. Decorate the tops of the cakes first, then the sides, and finally the top and bottom edges. Put decorations into their positions, using a pair of tweezers, before the icing sets. Place silver bells, leaves, and other decorations, in position after the rest of the decoration has set. Stand the lowest cake on its silver cake board, and pipe a line of decoration on the board itself, round the base of the cake. If you are using plinths, ice and decorate these.

END

Books (*Continued from page 39*)

coast with husband Don and two growing-up daughters. At first both Betty and Don were working in Seattle, so she had to rise at 4.30 a.m. for Don to catch the 5.15 a.m. ferry, rush breakfasts, prepare the girls for school, then run for a later ferry. What the author of **"The Egg And I"** makes of Vashon keeps us chuckling for a long time!

Since Dumas the novelist was such a prodigy one assumes that his mulatto father—son of a French general and Santo Domingo slave-girl—was somewhat remarkable, too. But it is difficult to believe Andre Maurois' statement in **"Alexandre Dumas"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) that when he was a young dragoon he could, while grasping a stable beam with both hands, lift a horse between his thighs, and by thrusting four fingers into four gun barrels, carry the weapons at arm's length! Admirers of Maurois' Shelley, Byron and Disraeli will enjoy this shorter biography, translated by Jack Palmer White.

The young life and brief reign of King Peter II of Yugoslavia have been fraught with much drama, especially during the war when he had some tough tussles with Sir Winston over the Allied support accorded Tito instead of Mihailovitch, his appointed Minister of War. He surveys the whole set-up in detail in his memoirs, **"A King's Heritage"** (Cassell, 25s.), and a vital new chapter in Balkan history it makes.

Sister Elizabeth Kenny's fine work for polio children in Australia is well known. **"My Battle And Victory"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), completed just before her death, is a medical summing-up of her treatment and the successful fight against prejudice that created the Kenny Foundation.

Things rare and curious pictured and described by Edwin Smith and Olive Cook have been a popular feature of *The Saturday Book*. They are now assembled, richly illustrated, in **"Collectors' Items"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), a treasury for "collectomaniacs."

Two apt manuals for June: W. E. Shewell-Cooper's **"A.B.C. Guide To Garden Flowers"** (English Universities Press, 7s. 6d. illustrated in line; Violet Stevenson's **"Indoor Gardening On A Small Income"** (Hutchinson, 2s. 6d.), which gives helpful advice on climbers, flowering plants, bulbs, cacti, window boxes, sink and bottle gardens.

Women novelists are so fond of siting their stories in country houses that I wonder if all women, at heart, do not covet one—because it is their kingdom, as town house or flat can never quite be. Susan Gillespie's **"The Dutch House"** (Bles, 9s. 6d.), is near Cambridge, and to it comes the young brother of an American killed in the U.S. Air Force who had been befriended by the Farrender family living there and wrote affectionately of the daughter, Ana. The pilgrimage becomes an exploration of the English tradition, and of the secret places of the heart.

In the country home of Eve Orme's **"Closed Heart"** (Herbert Jenkins, 9s. 6d.), lives Myra Cheston with a daughter who has divorced a "waster" husband, mainly at her mother's instigation, and a shrewd old aunt, Lady Laxton, thrice married, who is writing her memoirs and keeping a forthright watch on family affairs. These are nicely complicated when Myra's son Martin brings home (to marry) the daughter of the woman with whom her husband is living! I like Miss Orme's grasp of intricate relationships in this most intelligent story, which rightly stops at p. 188 because it is a neat little cameo requiring no bumping out to orthodox length.

A Notts farmhouse near Newark is the setting of Katherine Morris's **"Country Dance"** (MacDonald, 9s. 6d.), which tells of love coming to a young farmer living with his mother and obsessed in the land, and the family upset caused by a disturbing romance between his cousin and a doctor's daughter.

Where would Eden Phillpotts site **"The Widow Garland"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) but on Dartmoor, where she inherits the village store and involves farmer Greenwood, his exacting daughter and others in a baffling domestic tangle? Having written it as a B.B.C. play, Mr. Phillpotts promptly sets to and makes it a novel. You can't keep an Old Master down.

Hebe Elsna's **"The Sweet Lost Years"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.) are those the young Ellen Terry devoted to architect Edward Godwin in Hertfordshire after her girl-marriage to painter G. F. Watts had quickly faded. She bore Edward two children, yet still Watts would not divorce her. In the end, when she had returned to the stage—and an exquisitely touching end it is in this novel—Edward married a simpler, physically voluptuous girl half his age without Ellen's "spirituality." Miss Elsna's sensitive portrayal, with conjectural dialogue that fits well, leaves one hoping that she will sequelize the Terry-Irving partnership which begins where this admirable story finishes.

Mazo de la Roche's **"Variable Winds At Jalna"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), *is* a sequel—to *Renny's Daughter*— in which Maitland Fitzturgis returns from Ireland to seek formally Adeline's hand in marriage, though Maurice, her cousin, still deeply loves her. *Whiteoaks* devotees—fictions' most faithful followers—will need no urging towards this latest development in the family saga.

Georgette Heyer's historial romances have their following, too. Need one say more than that **"Bath Tangle"** (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.), concerns a Regency widow and her daughter, whose inheritance depends on the goodwill of an intimidating marquis whom she has recently rejected? Matchmakers, fops, adventurers are the spice in this fruity Bath bun.

With **"Not Honour More"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), Joyce Cary concludes his trilogy about Liberal demagogue Chester Nimmo—and none too soon for Capt. Jim Latter, the narrator, who suspects Nimmo of being an arch-sham, double-crosser, paramour of his wife Nina, formerly Nimmo's, and sets out to gun him before the General Strike involves them all in political ferment. But for Mr. Cary's skill it might be mainly the unedifying story of a bellyacher reacting to a humbug, chorused by a lot of wordy windbags serving on party committees.

Crime ration: **"Crime In The Close,"** by Alexandra Dick (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). "Who murdered the universally disliked Vicar choral?" **"Invitation To Murder,"** by Leslie Ford (Collins, 10s. 6d.). "The murderer's first difficulty in getting hold of the Maloney fortune was to find out whom to murder first. . . ." **"Royal Bed For A Corpse,"** by Max Murray (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), "another *corpse* thriller." **"The Police Murders,"** by P. H. Powell (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). "With the murder of P.C. Alfred Blake, on a misty autumn evening began a series of crimes. . . ." **"Murder Makes A Date,"** by Neill Graham (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.). "This one will keep you guessing—and laughing—to the end."

To commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Charlotte Brontë's death in 1855, Macdonald Illustrated Classics are publishing the two most famous Brontë novels—**"Wuthering Heights"** and **"Jane Eyre"**—simultaneously, with introductions by Daphne du Maurier and Janet Adam Smith and new illustrations by W. Stein and Lynton Lamb (10s. 6d. each).

Recommended fiction: **"Smith's Hoard,"** by Pauline Clarke (Faber, 10s. 6d.); **"Wintersmount,"** by Emmeline Morrison (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"The Miss,"** by Elizabeth Hargreaves (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

Recommended for June reading: **"Charlemagne, The Legend And The Man,"** by Harold Lamb (Robert Hale, 16s.); **"Eat, Think And Be Slender,"** by Leonid Kotkin, M.D. (A. Thomas, 15s.); **"The Enchanting Courtesan,"** a biography of Madame du Barry by Lozania Prole (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Highway To The North,"** by Frank Illingworth, the account of a journey along the Alaskan Highway (Ernest Benn, 25s.).

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Journey to a New World

(*Continued from page 57*)

ubiquitous bottle, claret and nigger? Dyes are so incredibly vibrant, fast and almost limitless in their range today. Why do women not make more use of them?

Incomes and the requirements of an everyday life being what they are, "high fashion" cannot affect the average woman, except as a general guide, yet conservatism in the choice of things to wear goes much too far. The loose coat seems to be the most popular garment of all, but why? Is it thought to be *safe* because it is shapeless? It distresses me to contemplate so many pretty feminine shapes concealed in such unpleasing wrappers.

Sometimes I think hats are a menace, especially the kind which is so pretty and fascinating in the shop, but bears no relation to the clothes that are waiting at home to be worn with it.

When you buy a hat, try it on standing up. Get a full-length view of yourself because that is how other people are going to see you in it. Wear the outfit that the hat is intended to complement. This simple routine may prevent a grave indiscretion.

The young bride whom I saw at Waterloo Station and whom I talked about last month had committed such an indiscretion. Her hat, which I'm sure had looked pretty and stunning in the shop, was completely out of place with her "going away" suit and will be even more so when it reaches the inevitable need of being worn every day.

One of the most apt and devastating criticisms of a well-known London figure whose taste in clothes was impeccable in other ways was: "poor so-and-so, she always looks as if she is going to a wedding!" In other words, her weakness for frothy hats was the chink in her armour.

It is odd that in such a placid and prosaic nation as we are that hats should turn so many women's heads.

On gala days men are the lucky ones because they are still quite firmly held by tradition, even if they slyly go berserk over socks and buttonholes. But women—the very nicest women—look to me at times as if they had had their hair half permed and forgotten to finish it; or as if they have used just that little too much *maquillage*. Their hats appear just too straight over the nose or—which is worse—just too far over one ear. This side-slant was particularly noticeable out of London and what was intended to be jaunty became slightly tipsy.

A few days ago I was passing one of our most beautiful and famous churches just after a wedding. A society one . . . nasty word . . . anyway the bride had left—a great disappointment because one has an uncontrollable urge to stare—the guests were leaving the church. Some were chatting in that contented after-Sunday-morning-service fashion; others were buzzing and frenzied because there were no taxies and, who knows, they might be missing something at the reception, Nanny was there in her sensible coat and new felt hat, wearing a large buttonhole with too much fern but giving, all the same, a feeling of security and looking proud and happy. The rest were a very over-dressed lot on the whole. The men like self-conscious penguins and the women very much dressed for the occasion. Well, naturally, we dress for a wedding, but white piqué—too much and somehow too white; white shoes, also too tight; flower garden hats, out-minnying Minnie Mouse. There was one like a cream bun and another trimmed with ostrich feathers that could have belonged to suffragette days. Chandelier ear-rings, brooches galore. Clown faces so pink and so white.

All this over-dressing made me think back with relief to the quieter clothes I had seen out of London and still to regret that so much good sense and good taste lacked the stimulus of colour. Discretion and understatement are the first rules of elegance but understatement need never be drab.

END

Three Women in Search of a Car

(*Continued from page 60*)

£1,616 2s. 6d. is well worth it.

"You see I want a car that is heavy, fast and safe on the road. The minutes I can save with good acceleration at the traffic lights or on long country trips are precious to me. They allow for the hair-do or odd moments shopping that every woman needs."

MY neighbour at Stonegate in Sussex is Mrs. Betty Deane, wife of a solicitor and mother of two children. Before the war their home "Battenhurst," a rambling Victorian mansion, was probably staffed by at least three servants and two full-time gardeners. Now, after she has driven her husband to the train every morning, Mrs. Deane goes home to cope with housework and a market garden with a daily morning help and a gardener three times a week.

"We need a miracle car," she explained. "It has to be tough and to stand real hard use. It is loaded up with children, school trunks, dogs, potatoes and what-have-you, and travels on an average thirty miles a day in all weathers and that means winter, too, when we are sometimes snowed in."

At the moment they have an "old faithful"—a 1937 two-door saloon "tied together with string and faith." Somehow, despite a groan and sigh when she loads it with too many potatoes it keeps going.

Big question for the Deane's when buying a new car is low running costs and reliability. There isn't time to cope with a temperamental car.

The family decision is unanimous for an estate car. Then there will be no more making two trips to church with the family. No more rides packed like a sardine between school trunks or under a mountain of flowers or potatoes. Betty has decided on a Morris Minor Traveller because it combines the advantages of saloon car comfort with the utilitarian value of a commercial vehicles' load carrying capacity. Like the Husky the rear seat can be folded down flush with the floor when loaded up with vegetables or children and dogs. Added advantage for the summer is that the Morris's two large windows at the side have sliding panels to give additional ventilation. Its strength lies in the fact that the all-steel front portion of the body carrying the two doors is joined to an ash framed light alloy panelled shooting brake rear section.

Petrol consumption and running costs are on the low side. And the price is reasonable at £599 13s. 4d. There is a de luxe model, too, but this includes heater, twin horns, over riders, passengers' sun visor and leather seat cushions and squabs.

MY housewife, Mrs. Jean Bullock lives at Hampstead. You'll probably recognize her face as before her marriage she was a successful model. The Bullock family has a two-fold problem. At the moment they have two cars—a Morris Minor and her husband's Rover. But garage costs (when you can get one) are too high in Hampstead to afford two cars. I went with her the other day to try out their new purchase, a Sunbeam.

A neat compact little person, weighing all of eight stone, Jean chose it because she says it is the perfect ladies' car. It is a wonderfully manageable job, steady on the corners, reasonably easy to park and cruises at seventy-five to eighty when John takes the wheel. The petrol consumption is good too, averaging twenty-four miles per gallon on suburban use.

The price, with radio, heater and loose covers, came to just under £1,200.

Odd thing is that as a race women are considered superstitious. But two of these three chose dark green for their cars. (The odd one out? Mrs. Schreider chose white.)

END

Cavalcade Of Flowers (*Continued from page* 35)

crowned by a fine laburnum.

So far, the front garden has had wallflowers, tulips and forget-me-nots. These start in April and go on till the end of May. Then I am in favour of geraniums. You can vary the colours and put between them antirrhinums, petunias, asters or lobelia, but there is no bedding out plant that starts so early and goes on so late and which is so easy to propagate as the geranium. That is why they always have them in front of Buckingham Palace. The variety they plant there is a fine scarlet Gustav Emich.

Another great joy of our garden is the asparagus bed. It is a fine large one but it was in a sorry state when we first arrived. We had a joyous meal or two before the couch grass completely overgrew it, when we had to cut over the whole bed with a bill hook.

The asparagus bed harboured a lot of mice and our previous dachschund spent happy summer days digging out their nests and could always be found there when he had disappeared. He also waged war on moles in the garden—and certainly discouraged them.

Last summer we tried unsuccessfully to grow aubergines. We planted them out under cloches in late May, we kept them under cloches until they were well established. We did everything but give them enough sun which was the only thing they wanted. They flowered but not a fruit did we get. We are going to try again this year as I am very fond of them fried or stuffed and, as I first knew them in the East—curried.

We are having a shot at growing melons this year—another expensive fruit we all like very much which we rarely buy just for ourselves. These are being grown in the vegetable garden under cloches. There are several varieties—No Name, Cantaloupe Charantais, Cantaloupe Early Frame, Dutch Net and Cantaloupe Tiger out of which we shall be able to decide which we like best and which do best here.

We sowed the seeds in the greenhouse in April, they were put outside at the end of May, two feet apart, with a two-foot cloche to each melon. They like a fair amount of water which they have had, and they also have to be hand fertilized.

We intended this spring to make a new shrub border along the west boundary of our second garden—to thicken up a thin hedge under a row of elms, out of which we have cut the tops and overhanging branches. This will give us better protection from the west.

But we have put it off for this year as owing to the severe winter with late frosts and snow the poor nurseryman was unable to get on to his land and lift the plants and consequently was very behind with his orders and could not let us have the shrubs in time.

It was actually a relief not to be able to do this fairly lengthy and heavy piece of work as we have plenty of other things to get on with which would have been neglected.

END

Families You Never Meet

(*Continued from page* 13)

cinema with her husband she never goes out by herself.

The French are and always have been, *bon viveuse*! Food is all-important and every meal is prepared with loving care. But all the work falls on the slender shoulders of the overworked housewife.

If you think she would have it otherwise you are wrong. She is satisfied with her kitchen (seldom equipped as the English and American are today). Her home, her clothes and her child are the proof of her world and as a girl of eighteen on the threshold of life, she demands nothing more than marriage, children and a home. Only a small proportion turn their eyes towards a career (as it is understood abroad), which is all the more remarkable when one realizes how hard life is for the average Frenchwoman.

More than three-quarters of the family income is spent on food, and the last quarter has to cover rent, fuel and clothes, which (ironically enough) are very expensive in the land of fashion.

So, beyond the glitter of the boulevards, the gay *insouciance* that the visiting foreigner sees, are harassed housewives, planning, devising, calculating the dwindling money down to the last sou. You may smile as you see her bargaining at the fruit stall, but this modern Marianne is something of a genius at making two ends meet, moreover she was brought up in an age-old tradition—to put money aside for old age.

But, whatever happens and however bad the times are, the Frenchwoman will always be herself. By nature she is gay. Laughter comes easily to her. She is Latin. She will gesticulate and get excited over a pound of tomatoes. She will laugh with the roadsweeper as she carries her milk home in an aluminium pot, with her long fresh bread tucked under her arm.

But make no mistake—it is a tough life but it is the way she wants it. Those meals which take so long to prepare would horrify most English women, but offer the French housewife a tin of soup and see what happens, "Who wants soup out of a tin?" She will smile blandly and say! "That is good for the foreigners *But not for me.*"

END

Watch Your Bill (*Continued from page* 63)

shop. English tomatoes are about again, beside those which come from the Channel Islands and the Continent. Tomatoes marked "British" do not comply with the regulations. They should be plainly marked with the actual country of origin *if they are not English*. That is, if not actually grown in this country. Guernsey or Jersey tomatoes are "Empire" not English, and those from elsewhere are foreign.

When commodities are ordered by phone or otherwise there is no opportunity to see them weighed. The customer who spots a deficiency in weight should take it, exactly as it was received, to her local weights and measures office. Naturally the goods will have been weighed at home before a complaint is registered, and here is need for a warning. Many household scales are not sufficiently accurate to be the arbitrators of arguments between customer and trader. The trader's scale must, by law, be correct within fine limits—scales used to check the weighing must be at least as good!

Finally, about the coal delivery:

Consignments of more than two hundredweights at a time must be accompanied by a ticket showing the number of sacks and the total weight. The coalman must hand or send this ticket to the purchaser before any coal is delivered. The purpose is to let the purchaser know what is to be received and he or she also has a right to have the coal re-weighed before it is delivered, though *how* the law does not specify. Note that coal must be sold by net weight, that is, excluding the weight of the sack.

Coalmen who try to take advantage of the indifferent customer, seldom use the short-weight tactics. It is much easier (and more profitable) to put in a sack or two less than they should. Counting the empty sacks they so considerately leave by the coalhouse door is not always the answer, for it is simple enough to carry in an empty sack to make up for the full one they have not delivered! The safe check is to insist on receiving the ticket before they start unloading, and to count each sack of coal as it is dropped.

END

Be Lovelier, More Charming This New, Easy Way

Poise, attractiveness, glowing personality—these can be acquired by every woman, says Eleanore King, famous Hollywood beauty consultant. She should know. During the last few years her advice has solved the beauty problems of 83,000 women of all ages, including some of Hollywood's most glamorous film stars.

How does she do it? What are her secret ways to beauty? Now for the first time in this country she tells you about them in a new unique booklet called "Glorify Yourself" which has just been issued. Clearly written, beautifully illustrated, it is a guide to such essential features as acquiring a velvety skin and radiant eyes, using make-up to accentuate beauty, developing a slim, attractive, youthful figure, creating grace and poise . . . in fact scores of pointers to irresistible charm and personality.

Yet, despite its value to every woman, "Glorify Yourself" costs nothing to readers of this magazine. A copy will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is: The Academy of Charm and Beauty, (Dept. BV/B1), Marple, Cheshire. Enclose 5d. in stamps for postage and packing.

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In Search Of Beauty (*Continued from pages* 52, 53 *and* 55)

PRESERVING BEAUTY

Firstly, face and neck massage keeps the muscles toned; secondly, massage helps to stimulate the skin and to preserve its suppleness. But massage which will *effectively* achieve these results can only be given by a masseuse who has been specially trained and knows what to do and how to do it.

MUSCLES begin to lose their elasticity in the late twenties. A muscle is like a piece of elastic and as the years pass it slowly gets slacker and slacker until suddenly the first tell tale signs of age appear. Wrinkles develop as the muscles loosen and the skin over them stretches.

Directly you notice the warning signs, whatever your age, go if you can to a reputable beauty specialist and begin regular treatment. Deep massage will tone up the circulation and keep the muscles alive and vigorous. An analogy will explain why. If you ever have had the misfortune to injure a limb and had to keep it immobile over a lengthy period, you will know that with lack of exercise, the muscles become soft and flabby. The first treatment prescribed by the doctor when the injury is healed, is daily massage until gradually the useless muscles become active again. Something similar happens to the muscles of the neck and face if they are not exercised and massage can restore their vigor in the same way that massage can restore the muscular tone to a leg or arm which has been in plaster.

Just as the "plaster" case is given exercises to do between the massage treatments so I give my clients simple face and neck exercises to practice between visits to the salon. If you start treatment as soon as the telltale signs of age appear, a monthly salon treatment will be sufficient, providing you carry out daily exercises and use suitable skin foods and cosmetics.

YOU may think that a professional massage is obviously necessary to preserve the *contours* of the face, but that if the right creams and cosmetics are always used, the complexion should never require a professional treatment. This is quite erroneous for the skin needs more than surface lubrication if it is to keep healthy and young. It is not enough to buy lotions, creams and masks and apply them yourself. Massage is only really effective if one is completely relaxed in the hands of an expert masseuse. Merely raising the arms to bring the hands to the face bring muscles into action that should be relaxed during massage—even an expert masseuse cannot "give herself" a facial.

Let me explain the aims of massage intended to improve the condition of the complexion. The skin is in two layers, the epidermis which is the outer, protective layer and underneath this, the dermis, which is the true skin. In the dermis are the nerves, the blood and lymph vessels, together with the sweat and oil glands. If this layer is allowed to get sluggish and congested, all sorts of skin irregularities can occur. Deep massage stimulates this deep skin layer.

I strongly believe that no woman, today, need look drab or "droopy" or suffer a "bad" complexion. With regular professional treatments, and a good home routine, she can be attractive and remain young looking.

END

Preparations recommended for a basic home beauty routine: For the dry young skin, Dorothy Gray's trio, Dry Skin Cleanser, Orange Flower Skin Lotion and Special Dry Skin Mixture. For the oily skin and actually because of their special "controlled absorption" formula, suitable for all types of skin, Steiner's new beauty suite, Milky Way cleansing milk, Face to Face conditioning cream and Refresh skin tonic. For mature dry skins, use Helena Rubinstein's three basics, Water Lily Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Perfection Cream. For the "mixed" skin, part dry, part oily, cleanse with Pond's Liquefying Cream, massage dry areas with Pond's Cold cream and tone oily areas with Pond's Skin Freshener.

PRESENTING BEAUTY

There is some general doubt as to whether the lashes of the lower lid should be mascara'd as well as the upper ones. Mascara the lower lashes lightly when they grow thickly and when the face is young and minus dark circles under the eyes. Where the lashes are sparse and intermittent as they often are on the lower lids, it is better not to mascara them at all as the line tends to look patchy. In this case, draw on a finely pencilled line close to the edge of the eye under the lashes.

Outlining the eyes is, in fact, a fairly recent fashion in daytime make-up. There are two ways of doing this, with a carefully sharpened eyebrow pencil or with a fine sable-hair brush and mascara. In every case, the line along the eyelid must be absolutely at the edge of the lid so that it becomes one with the edge of the eye and does not give the eye a double outline. At the outer corner of the eye, the line should be extended slightly towards the upper lid to form a triangle which can be blended with a fingertip to give a fine shading. These lines can have individual variations, making the doe-eyed look which is a blackened triangle at the outer corner of the eye, or the cat-look which is a line carried to the inner corner of the eye, the lines along the upper and lower lids meeting in a downward point. The doe-eyed look is particularly good for deep set or small eyes, the cat-eye look only attractive on eyes of good shape and well placed. Where a eye make-up of this kind needs living up to as far as clothes, etc. are concerned, a delicately applied line along the upper and lower lids is effective for everyone.

This eye-outline is, of course, an addition to mascara always, except in the case of the lower eyelid mentioned before when the lashes are sparse and it is a substitute for mascara. On the upper lid, outlining should always be used in addition to eyelash make-up.

The cosmetics recommended for this make-up technique are by Max Factor: Tinted foundations: Sheer Genius (for a light make-up), Pan-Cake or Pan-Stik (for a heavier make-up). Colourless foundation: Invisible Make-up Foundation. Eye shadow in grey, brown, green or blue, eyelash make-up in black, brown, blue and brown/black.

YOUR HAIR DICTATES THE STYLE

Hair preparations recommended for the six hair categories described on pages 54 and 55 are: GREY HAIR. For colour rinsing: Coloral. A "permanent" colour rinse, effective for hair up to fifteen per cent grey: Color-glo. For disguising a few grey hairs: brush on Philip Mason's Shademaster. Conditioning shampoo: Steiner's S.3. Shampoo. Cream conditioner for tinted hair: Trill Conditioner Brilliantine. COARSE HAIR: Shampoo: French of London's Ego Egg Shampoo. Set with: Lustrset Hair Setting Cream. Condition with: Countess Hair Conditioning Cream or Steiner's Sebosyn. FINE HAIR: Shampoo with Steiner's S.3. Shampoo. MOUSEY HAIR: Highlight with Steiner's Starmist or Raymond's Hair Lustre. DIFFICULT HAIR: Season ticket perms at Scotts of Regent Street or Vasco of Dover Street.

The Art Of Conversation (*Continued from page* 16)

A word on the virtues of silence. In public conversation, silence is a failure: it creates uneasiness. But happy silence is one of the privileges of friendship and of love. To the indifferent, silence is boredom; to lovers, it is beatitude.

Business conversation is a different matter. It has a definite object. There is an end to be gained, a battle to be won. The problem is: How can the conversation be so led as to convince this man of what I am saying? This presupposes a study of the other man's reactions. Some are more easily persuaded by the direct, quick approach. Others, less trusting or slower, demand long "passes". which will amuse them, exhaust them, and finally bring them, with no strength left, to the point of the "matador's" sword, ready for the "kill." Business conversation is more a sport than an art.

The true art comes into play when a certain number of partners meet with no other object than that of enjoying conversation. A small dinner, followed by an evening of general conversation, is the best example. I say "small" because, if the group is too large, general conversation becomes difficult. "Not less than the Graces, not more than the Muses," said Disraeli. In other words, not less than three, not more than nine people. Six or eight are the best number.

But there are two ways in which such a gathering may be ruined. One is to break it up into couples who whisper together all the evening and who, for the most part, regret finding themselves condemned to such a *tête-à-tête*. The other is to make a public meeting of it, with formal speeches following one another.

True conversation should be like a symphony. The theme is stated and every instrument has its part. No musician would ever think of playing more than his part, or of playing louder than usual in order to drown the sound of all the other instruments. From time to time, a great *virtuoso* may be called upon to play a solo, but this solo is always short and he himself takes great care to maintain his dialogue with the orchestra on the right level and in the right key.

The model of such conversation-orchestras was furnished by the eighteenth-century French *salons*, where the mistress of the house conducted an orchestra composed of men—and women—famous for their intelligence and wit in conversation. A few such *salons* still existed in the nineteenth century. Alas, in the twentieth, they are no more. But the void left by their passing is still there, waiting to be filled.

And we of this modern day and age will owe a deep debt of gratitude to those women—and men—who, in their own homes, can save this utterly delightful art of true conversation from complete oblivion.

END

I Am A Selfish Mother (*Continued from page* 43)

fashion of adults, I'm nicer to live with after a night out than if I'd stayed at home.

The same principle applies to holidays. We take brief trips away and come home bearing gifts for a couple of rapturous children. Then we make boisterous plans for next time when we shall all go together. Learning to cope with little hurdles alone is good practice for the bigger ones later.

I'm convinced that I should be failing in my duty as a mother if I were to allow my children to go on drawing the breath of life from me indefinitely. If they are to stand alone, successfully, as they must, they've got to learn to cope confidently. It is encouraging to see both children becoming self-reliant, independent, and reasonably unselfish. As for keeping them happy and secure, it's as well to remember that mostly they want to be shown—and told—how much they are loved. I tell them first and then send them to cope with things like black faces and dirty shoes afterwards.

Ultimately, these children will marry. I want my children to be marriage partners who are well-adjusted to the idea of happy marriage, capable of living a full, rich, life.

If it is selfish to want, and work for, all this for one's children—then I am a selfish mother.

END

1.6.55

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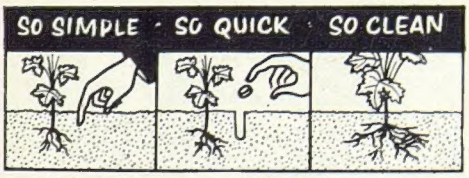

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